

## Chapter 1: The Summer Begins

Harry Potter woke up on the first summer morning. The sun was shining brightly through the window of his bedroom and he snuggled down deeper into his bed, pulling the covers tightly over his shoulders. He looked down at the foot of his bed and smiled when he saw his pure black husky lying there. The dog had been a present from Sirius when Harry had turned five and Harry loved the dog to pieces. Harry shivered with the morning chill and tightened the covers around him once more.

It may be summer in Britain but it was cold, and he knew he should just revel in it as the heat wave was going to get closer.

"Time to get up Harry!" Mia Black's voice called through the door. "Lover girl is going to be here any minute!"

Harry bolted up in bed as his wide eyes shot toward the closed door, startling the dog at the foot of the bed, who barked at Harry. "What?" he demanded.

"You heard me. Hermione is going to be here any minute. Better get yourself ready for her, lover boy," Mia shot back before she walked down the stairs. Harry bolted out of his bed, falling onto the ground with a hard thud due to his feet tangled up in his covers. The dog jumped off the bed and moved over to Harry, he sat down and cocked his head, watching Harry tangled up.

"Damnit!" Harry muttered as he slammed his hand on the ground before turning around and kicking the covers off his feet. He dashed into the connecting bathroom, shutting door with a slam.

Mia whistled to herself as she made her way down the stairs and into the kitchen where her father was sitting. Sirius was eating his breakfast as he read the papers when they both heard a thump and looked toward the ceiling before he turned to face his daughter. She sat down at the table, smirking and looking awfully proud of herself.

"What have you done?" Sirius asked and Mia looked up at her father with an innocent expression, pausing in filling her plate with her breakfast.

“What?” she asked and Sirius just arched an eyebrow, causing her to go on the defensive. “Why do you automatically assume it was me? It could have been Draco!”

“Draco isn’t here and you just came down the stairs,” Sirius reminded her as he turned back to his papers.

“Draco could have sent Harry a letter,” Mia shot at him and Sirius shook his head as he turned the page.

“No alarm went off to let us know that any letter had arrived,” Sirius told her and Mia scowled.

“Fine. I may have let it slip that Hermione was turning up in a few minutes,” Mia shot at him. She looked at her father only to see that the papers were shaking slightly and his shoulders too. “Dad?” she frowned and Sirius dropped the papers, showing that he was laughing.

“You are too much like your mother,” Sirius choked out, still laughing. “She did that exact same thing to James, only he was too scared to actually do anything back at her because anything he did, she could give back three times,” Sirius explained once he calmed down. Mia rolled her eyes as she turned back to her breakfast as Harry came running down the stairs, looking around as he smoothed back his hair.

“Relax lover-boy, she’s not here yet,” Mia informed him as she took a sip of her pumpkin juice and Harry glared at her before taking his seat. He was dressed in a green shirt and black jeans and bare footed and his hair was still slightly wet.

Mia shifted herself in her seat; she wore mid-thigh blue denim skirt and a black-strapped top with her low-heeled sandals.

“When is Hermione supposed to get here?” Harry asked and Mia looked at the clock.

“Any minute now,” she replied.

Hermione walked over to the door, she turned and waved to her parents. They both had wanted to meet Sirius and the children but

they had an important meeting that they couldn't rearrange or miss so they had decided that they would see them just before the kids went back to Hogwarts. They had spoken to Sirius before Hermione had arranged to stay with them. Sirius had cleared the air about him being a so-called murderer. Hermione had told them the truth about him being accused of being a murderer and that he had been framed. They had hesitated to believe her, believing that she could have been easily fooled, but she was very adamant and they knew that when their daughter was firm about something, it usually meant that she was right.

Her parents had worried about getting the right house but Sirius had assured them that it was easily spotted. The houses on either side of the house that Sirius and the kids were living in were empty and there was big sign at the front of the gate that said 'Grimsom's house' was written clearly so that they knew they had the right place.

Hermione watched as the car drove off before she turned back to the door and knocked on it. This was going to be her home for the next two months as they were all heading back to Hogwarts together. There were barks of excitement behind the door and she could hear nails scratching at the door and a low whimper before the door opened.

Dee- Di, the house elf, opened the door and looked up while holding onto the dog's collar. "Welcome to the Grimsom's place," she told the visitor. Hermione Granger stood on the other side of the door, dressed in her jeans and a jumper with a jacket over her body.

"Hi, I'm Hermione Granger," Hermione greeted.

"Dee-Di welcomes Hermione Granger," smiled the house-elf before she took a step back, dragging the dog along with her. "Dee-Di wishes for Madam's forgiveness over Rex's excitement."

"No problem," Hermione told her as she stepped into the house and she looked around, impressed with the house. It had a warm welcoming feeling in it and it was definitely family lived in as she could see Harry and Mia's stuff all over the place. "Who does this cutie belong to?" Hermione asked as she patted the black husky's

head, who turned his head and licked her hand, enjoying the attention he got.

“Mine,” a male voice stated from behind her, startled, Hermione spun around to see Harry standing there with a smirk on his face. “You know, if I snuck up behind Mia, she would have kicked me out of the house, literally,” Harry informed her.

“And you know it,” a female voice agreed, causing Hermione to spin around once more and saw that Mia was standing behind her with a huge grin on her face. “Hermione!” she squealed as she rushed over and hugged the younger girl and got a rib cracking hug in return.

Hermione laughed as she hugged her friend back before they pulled away. “I missed you!” Hermione exclaimed and Mia shot her a smug look.

“Everyone misses me,” Mia told her and laughed as Hermione hit her on the shoulder before they let go and Hermione turned to Harry and smiled slightly with a blush rising on her cheek.

“I missed you too,” Hermione told him before hugging him and Harry hugged her back, enjoying the feel of her hair against his cheek.

“I missed you too,” Harry told her.

“I see what you mean,” a male voice stated, causing Harry and Hermione to break away to see an older black-haired man standing the doorway. He was leaning on the doorway with his arms crossed with a smirk shining on his face.

“Glad that someone does,” Mia replied. Sirius laughed as he pulled away from the door and nuzzled Mia’s hair with a fatherly affection before reaching a hand out.

“I’m Sirius Black, their guardian,” he introduced and Harry arched an eyebrow.

“Not a very good one though as he taught us how to cause mischief,” Harry shot back and Sirius chuckled.

“What did you expect?” Sirius asked and Mia snickered before shaking her head. Hermione just smiled as she shook Sirius’ hand.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Hermione told him and Sirius nodded.

“It nice to put a face to the person that my daughter and nephews are always talking about,” Sirius told her.

“Is Draco here?” Hermione asked and Mia shook her head.

“Nope. Now that the Wizarding World knows that Harry is alive, Lucius Malfoy has been keeping a tighter leash on Draco, poor guy,” Mia explained.

“Draco’s father works for the ministry – he’s on the board of directors and has a lot of friends in Slytherin,” Harry explained as Hermione looked at him. “Lucius still doesn’t know about Draco and us so Draco is still safe there.”

“How have you managed to hide it from Lucius all these years?” Hermione asked, curious to how they’ve managed to hide their friendship. Mia smirked.

“Easy when the man doesn’t look beyond his own nose. All Draco has to say is that he is staying with a friend and Lucius agrees with it. He even phones us up just to make sure that Draco is here. We can change our voices so that we don’t give the game away,” Mia explained.

“But he should come up sometime later today, hopefully, if Narcissa can get away from Lucius. She is excited about meeting you,” Sirius told her.

“As our water,” Mia informed as she wrapped an arm around Hermione’s arm and Harry rolled his eyes.

“You see?” Harry asked. “You see what I had to go through all year last year and probably for the rest of my life?” Sirius laughed as he ruffled Harry’s hair while both girls’ arched their eyebrow at the boy, who just shot them an innocent look in return.

"I'm sure they're not bad," Sirius told him before leading the way into the kitchen as Dee-Di followed them.

"Will Master Black be wanting food?" Dee-Di asked and Sirius' looked at his watch. "Not right now Dee-Di, but can you make your special dinner for us tonight, as Hermione is a welcomed guest," Sirius explained and Dee-Di nodded.

"Yes, Master Black," Dee-Di smiled before snapping her fingers and disappearing while Sirius shook his head.

"Every time I ask her to call me Sirius, every time she ignores me," he muttered.

"You own house-elves?" Hermione asked, curious and slightly shocked. She had read the house elves were treated as slaves.

"They're paid!" Mia and Harry both burst out as one, causing Hermione to look at them both, startled. Harry and Mia shared a sheepish grin. "Sorry," Harry muttered while Sirius' shook his head.

"Sorry about that, they tend to get upset if someone orders an elf around so they want to make it clear that our elves are freed and paid," Sirius explained and Hermione nodded.

"I'm glad that someone sees it that way," Hermione told them before she grabbed her bags. "Where do I put my bags?" she asked.

"Follow me," Mia told her as she took one bag and Harry took the other. They led the way up the stairs with Bast walking along with Harry.

They walked down the hallway and came to a stop two door to the right. Mia leaned forward and opened the door, allowing Hermione to step into the bedroom. Hermione walked in and took in the sight of her home for the next two months.

There was a large queen size bed in the room with a large wardrobe and two sets of drawers. There was also a dressing table near the window with a mirror on it. There were also bookcases filled with books, much to the happiness of Hermione.

“So, what do you think?” Mia asked and Hermione just shook her head, stunned at what had been revealed to her and Harry smiled.

“I think she’s happy,” Harry told Mia, who just grinned back before they moved over to the bed and set the suitcases down.

“We’ll give you time to get used to your bedroom and unpack. Just come down the stairs when you’re finished and we’ll see about giving you a tour of the Grimsom’s house. Hermione just nodded as Harry and Mia left the room, leaving her to her bedroom to enjoy.

Hermione finally came out of her bedroom and made her way down the stairs and walked over to the first door. She opened it and saw it was the kitchen. She saw Harry, Mia and Sirius sitting around the table, looking over the paper when Harry looked up and smiled when he saw Hermione.

“Hey, finally managed to tear yourself away from your bedroom?” Harry teased and Hermione blushed slightly.

“Yeah,” she told him as she moved closer when they heard the front door open and close, causing the other three to stand up from their seat.

“Hello!” a male voice called out and everyone made their way into the hallway where they saw Draco and Narcissa hanging their coats up. Draco turned and grinned when he saw them. “Hey!” he greeted as he and Narcissa moved forward. “Mum, this is Hermione Granger,” Draco told her and Narcissa took in the young woman. “Hermione, this is my mother, Narcissa.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Hermione told her and Narcissa smiled.

“Yes, she is a curious one,” Narcissa told her son, who rolled his eyes in amusement.

“Are we training today?” Draco asked and Harry nodded.

“Yeah, just basic stuff. We don’t want to throw Hermione into the deep end straight away,” Harry told him and Draco rubbed his hands.

"Weights and simple moves?" he asked as he followed Mia into a room.

Hermione looked around. There was one door on either side of the room. Weights and machines were all over at the far back of the room, and mats and body dummies nearer at the front.

"This is the training room," Mia explained to Hermione, catching her curious gaze. "This is where we train ourselves fighting and such. There are three other training rooms – one where we use our wands and wandless magic, don't worry, it's unplotable, you can do any magic here without the ministry bearing down on you. One where we use weapons and things like that because it's safer there and one where we will learn to do elemental magic."

"First we need you trained up on the basics before we go anywhere near the other two rooms. The elemental magic will have to be done when you come back here before your third year summer. If what the kids tell me is true, then we have a lot of work to get you into training. You need to get a better idea of your power core before you can attempt to use elemental magic - if done wrongly, it can kill you," Sirius explained and Hermione nodded.

"Do we have anything special for elemental magic?" Hermione asked and Harry grinned as he crooked his index finger, motioning Hermione to follow. He led her out of the room and over to another door that was across from them.

They stepped in and Hermione felt her breath get caught in her throat. There was a large pool at the far left of the room. The water was deep blue and sparkling off the sunlight that was shining through the windows. There was a large patch of earth at the far end of the room. Flowers were blooming; Hermione couldn't help but breathe in the sweet scent of the foliage. To her far right, there were huge candles surrounding the area while a small red circle was marked in the middle. In front of her was just a large empty space. The middle of the room was slightly white and there was an altar in the middle that had a pure white pillow on it.

"The pool is for you," Harry explained and Hermione looked at him. "Water?" he reminded and understanding dawned on her. "The earth



patch is for Draco, the candles are for me, the large empty space is for Mia and the middle is for the elemental of spirit,” Harry explained. Hermione pondered it all as she followed Harry over to the large dark brown cabinet that was next to the door that they just came in. He opened it so Hermione could look in.

Hermione saw the elemental weapons that Mia had found before their first year. She reached out and let her fingers gently caress the white staff with the dark blue crystal that adored the top. “Interesting,” Harry stated and Hermione looked at him. “That you would go straight for the one that is meant for you.” Hermione’s eyes widen as she looked at him before looking at the staff. “Yes, the staff is for the element water, it’s yours.”

“What about the others?” she asked and Harry arched an eyebrow.

“Why don’t you take a guess? You did very well when it came to picking out yours,” Harry told her. Hermione took a deep breath before looking at the weapons once more and reached out and touched the sword.

“This is yours, fire,” she whispered before touching the axe. “This is Draco’s, earth,” she touched the twin twist blade. “This is Mia’s, air,” she touched the sphere. “This is the element, spirit.”

“Well-done,” Harry told her and she looked at him, startled. “You got them correct. I guess water is more in tune than I thought.” Hermione looked a bit confused and Harry smirked. “Are you telling me that I know something that Hermione Granger, the smartest witch to step in Hogwarts, doesn’t?” he asked and Hermione smiled sheepishly. “Water is the most in tune element there is. It is influence by the moon, as many other things are. It makes sense you are more in tune about other people than you realise. It’s probably why you distance yourself from us.”

He closed the closet doors and led the way out of the room and back over to the training room where everyone was getting things set up.

“That’s the girls’ changing room,” Sirius told Hermione as he pointed to the door to her right. “That’s the boys’ changing room.” He pointed

to her left and Hermione nodded as Mia moved over to her and stood next to Hermione.

“Do you want her to do weights first or just go on to simple tactics?” Mia asked and Narcissa eyed Hermione.

“Put her on tactics first then put her on weights. This gives us a more advantage of what to put her on,” Narcissa told her and Mia agreed.

“Come on,” she took Hermione’s arm. “Let’s go and get changed.” Hermione nodded as they made their way over to the girls’ changing room while the boys moved to their own.

Hermione looked around the room. There were two lockers, both bearing the girls’ names.

“How come you have changing rooms?” Hermione asked and Mia looked at her.

“So that we don’t need to run up the stairs and get changed and all that. Besides, it makes it easier. It’s like being at a real gym,” Mia explained as they move over to the lockers and pulled out their gym clothes.

Hermione pulled out grey sweats and a grey-strapped top and pair of trainers. She quickly got changed and pulled her hair back into a ponytail and turned to see that Mia was dressed the same way as us. “Let’s rock and roll,” Mia told her and Hermione smiled as they exited the changing room and stood at the exit.

They watched as Harry and Draco exited the changing room. They were dressed in grey sweat shorts and grey vests and trainers, and they moved over to the equipment. Everyone started stretching out and such; before they went on to do any physical exercises.

“So, how did you get into all of this? I mean, where did you learn everything?” Hermione asked.

“The army,” Mia told her and Hermione looked at her, stunned at what had just been revealed to her.

“The army?” Hermione asked and Mia nodded.

“Yep, and the navy. We also had kickboxing, karate, judo and such,” Mia explained and Hermione looked at her.

“How did you get into the army and such?” Hermione asked.

“Harry’s Grandpa Evans – he was in the war and people owed him a few favours, dad called them in and they trained us. Don’t worry; you won’t be going in because of Hogwarts. We had to use time-turners and all that and let me tell you, that one was big huge nightmare. We were totally exhausted after we used them - don’t know why anyone think those are a good idea,” Mia shook her head before looking at Hermione once more. “We’ll teach you how to sneak into places without anyone even knowing you there. How to sneak kill someone and all that,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded, paling slightly. Mia smiled, gently. “I know it seems really scary but, believe it or not, this actually does get easier after timebecause it’s second nature. Besides, think of this as self-defence. No man would ever be able to lay a hand on you unless you permit it.”

Hermione thought about and nodded, smiling.

“That actually makes it better,” Hermione told her and Mia nodded as she watched Hermione look around the room before sighing.

“I’m never gonna catch up,” she told her and Mia wrapped an arm around Hermione’s shoulder.

“Do what I do, watch them to see how they do, break it down step by step then give it a go,” Mia explained and Hermione sighed as they moved closer to where Sirius was standing with the pads on his hands.

“What’s this about?” Hermione asked.

“You need to practice your punches. This helps you build strength behind them,” Mia explained as she wrapped bandages around her hands and wrist, leaving her fingers free and Hermione copied her.

“Wait, what about protection?” Hermione asked and they looked at her. “How did you all protect yourself?” she asked and Mia smiled.

“We had dragon hide protection when using spells, knives and all that. We used body protection that the police used from gunshots and that. We also took potions to reduce our stress. It was better for our body to get used to stress and all that because we are gonna be under a lot of stress when Voldemort comes back,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded, satisfied with the answer for the now.

“Right, jabs first,” Sirius told Hermione. “Watch how Mia does it,” and Hermione nodded, concentrating. Mia stepped up to Sirius and punched her boxing gloves together before lifting both of them up to her face.

“Always have one near your head so you can protect your face while your other hand does the punching, and always swap over,” Mia instructed. Mia then jabbed her right hand into Sirius’ right hand pad before pulling it back into her face and used her left hand to jab into Sirius’ left hand pad before repeating the action over and over again, each time getting faster and throwing more weight behind them.

“Always try and punch as hard as you can, ignore that little niggling voice at the back that tells you that violence is a bad thing,” Draco stated as he came to stand next to Hermione, wiping the sweat off his face.

“You finished your work out?” Mia grunted out as she hit Sirius’ hand once more before pulling away and taking a deep breath before looking at Hermione. “And remember to breath during the jabs, it won’t do anyone good if you pass out,” she teased and Hermione laughed.

“Yep, I’ve finished. Harry is taking up the weights at the moments. You’re welcome to the press up and sit ups,” Draco told her and Mia shot him a sarcastic grin.

“Oh gee, how lovely of you,” she told him and he shot her a wink.

“I try,” he drawled back, causing Mia to roll her eyes while Sirius just watched them in amusement before turning to Hermione.

“How about it? Want to give it a try?” he asked and she nodded as she stepped forward and mimicked the stance that Mia had adopted earlier.

“If you are unsure, think of someone you hate,” Harry offered as he came up next to them. He wiped the sweat off his forehead with a towel before draping it around his shoulders and Hermione looked at him, arching an eyebrow.

“And that should be you, huh?” she asked, causing Sirius to laugh.

“She’s good,” Sirius stated and Harry shot him a grin before turning to Hermione.

“How about Snape? You seem to hate him? Or that girl in Ravenclaw you always seem to hate too but never mentioned her name,” Harry reminded, causing Hermione to glare at him.

“Don’t remind me,” she muttered before turning back to Sirius and started her jabbing, catching him off guard.

“Oi!” he exclaimed.

“Sorry,” Hermione told him with a sheepish grin while Draco, Mia and Harry hid their laughter behind their hands.

“Next time, give me a warning,” Sirius muttered as he moved back into stance. Hermione started her jabbing once more while Mia moved over to the weights with Draco following her to spot her.

Once Hermione had gotten more confident in her jabs, Sirius called it off and shook his hands after he took them out of the pads.

“That’s enough, you don’t want to overexert yourself too much,” Sirius warned her and Hermione nodded as she stood next to Harry.

“Right, weights,” Harry told her as he led the way over to the equipments. “You’ll need to do sit ups and push up, stretching and lunges before you go onto any weights otherwise you’ll give yourself sore muscles,” he warned and Hermione nodded. He started showing

her some basic moves of stretches and lunges and Hermione copied him.

Once she had finished her warm up, Harry led her over to the weights. She lay down on the bench and raised her hands and gripped the bar. Harry helped her lift it off the hook after he had changed the weight, making sure it was easy for Hermione to lift it up.

He stood back and watched as she moved the weight up and down, counting as she did so. He had learned his lesson of not counting and ended up overexerting himself and ended up with muscle soreness, which was something he didn't want Hermione to go through.

Once it seemed like Hermione was getting tired, he helped her lift the weight and placed it back into place and helped her up. He handed her a towel and she wiped her sweat away before he handed her a bottle of water, which she gulped down, causing Harry to reach out and take the bottle.

"Slow down, take a few sips at a time or you'll make yourself sick," Harry warned her and she nodded as she took the bottle back and took a few sips, taking Harry's advice when Sirius called out.

"Okay, I think that's enough training, dinner time," he called out and Harry looked at him, hope shining briefly in his eyes.

"Dinner?" Harry asked and Sirius nodded.

"Yeah, go and get cleaned up. I'll call Dee-Di," Sirius told them before he left the training room and the kids made their way into the changing rooms. They had a quick shower and got changed back into their normal clothes while dropping the workout clothes into the hamper and made their way out of the training room.

They entered the kitchen where they saw Dee-Di was setting the jugs of juice on the table while Sirius helped another house elf carry the plates and sat them on the table. Narcissa took the glasses and the cutleries and set them down on the table while the kids sat down.

They waited till Sirius and Narcissa sat down and Hermione looked at the house elves, who made their way back into the kitchen before looking at Harry, slightly confused.

“They refuse to eat with us when it’s not Christmas. We force them to eat with us on Christmas day because they are a part of our family but they refused to eat with us during the normal days,” Harry explained.

“It’s a part of who they are,” Mia added in and Hermione nodded as she tucked into her dinner.

Soon the kids retired to the living room, where they talked about what could happen at Hogwarts next year and what Dumbledore would try to do to them. Narcissa had almost blown a fuse when she heard about Dumbledore placing a tracking charm on Harry and turning Mia into a portkey. Narcissa took a look at the time.

“I better get back home before Lucius find me missing,” she told Sirius before she looked at the kids. “Draco, I’ll tell your dad that you are staying at a friend’s house. Be aware – he will give you a phone call,” she warned him and Draco nodded.

Sirius took a look at the time and smiled at Narcissa before looking at the four of them. “Okay kids, bed time,” Sirius told them and they made their way up the stairs.

The reached the top of the stairs and Mia smirked.

“Dvds?” she asked and the three of them grinned back as they stepped into their bedrooms and got changed into PJs.

“Whose room are we in?” Hermione asked as she came out.

“Harry’s,” Mia told her as she came out, holding her quilt and pillows.

“Should I...” Mia shook her head.

“Nah, you can share a bed with Harry. We tend to watch horror films during sleepover so that way you have someone you can cling on to. Besides, I don’t like nail marks in my arms and I don’t think Harry

would like it if you were clinging on to Draco,” Mia teased. Hermione blushed slightly as Draco and Harry came out from their bedroom. Draco was carrying a quilt and pillows too.

“Are you two going to stand there and gossip all night?” Harry asked, confused about the girls’ actions.

“We’re just coming, give us a break,” Mia told him, exasperated before she pushed past Harry and made her way into his bedroom. She settled herself on his floor while Draco did the same thing.

Hermione and Harry looked at each other before Harry motioned to his bed and Hermione climbed in it before settling herself under the covers and he took up his space on the bed next to her.

Harry looked around. He and Draco were wearing their t-shirts and boxers. Mia was dressed in her blue shorts with a black-strapped top with the words – I love my sleep, but I hate you written across it. He smiled when he turned to face Hermione and saw that she was dressed in her light white trousers and a white top with the words Sleeping Angel written across it.

He turned to face the TV while Mia slipped a disk into the DVD player and switched the TV on while Harry grabbed the remote from his bedside table and switched it to the correct channel for the film to start playing.

The door opened, causing everyone to jump slightly when they saw Rex standing the doorway. He let out a little yip before moving closer to Mia as the door closed behind him and the girl shook her head as Rex lay down.

“You silly dog,” she teased before scratching his head and settled back down to watch the movie.

“What movie are we watching?” Hermione asked and Mia picked up the box and looked at it.

“Dog Soldiers,” Mia replied and Draco grinned.



"This ought to be good," Draco, told her as they all settled back into their normal places and watched the show.

Sirius was sitting in the living room, reading when it started chiming. Startled, he looked up to see the clock had struck 12 o'clock and he shook his head, amazed at how long he had been down in the living room for.

He got up and placed the book that he had been reading on the table before making his way up the stairs to turn in for the night when he felt something pushing him over to Harry's door.

Sirius opened the door and looked in only to smile when he saw the sight. Mia was cuddling into Rex, who was lying down next to her, sleeping. Draco was sleeping, hugging his quilt close to him. Sirius looked up on to the bed and saw that Hermione had her head rested on Harry's chest while Harry had his arms wrapped around her waist, holding her close and an similar image came to Sirius' mind, causing his eyes to widen as he closed the door and headed into his bedroom.

He walked over to the shelves that were above his TV and pulled a thick album out and sat down on the bed before resting the book across his lap and he opened it.

He turned to the page where there were two babies sleeping together in a cot, the male baby had dark messy black hair while the female baby had brown curly hair and looked up at the picture that was on the wall. It was a picture of Lily, James and Callie standing together, laughing. He shook his head before turning back to the picture and he smiled before closing the album and got himself ready for bed.

He had a feeling that was life was going to get very interesting from now on.

## Chapter 2: Letters, Diagon Alley, and Nutters.

Hermione made her way down the stairs of the Grimsom's house. She was dressed in her blue denim jeans and a light pink t-shirt. Rex was following after her as they made their way into the kitchen, where Mia, Harry and Sirius were having their breakfasts.

Draco had gone home two days ago due to his father summoning him. Narcissa had visited over the summer to help with the training so Hermione could catch up. Hermione was now pleased to say that she had become quite good at defense - she could guess any attack coming from Mia, Draco and Harry and found that she worked better with Mia in team work when it came to fighting.

"Morning," Mia greeted as she looked up and smirked at the younger girl. Hermione smiled back. Mia was dressed in her usual attire, her black jeans and a black-strapped top. Harry was dressed in green shirt with black jeans too. Sirius was flicking through the papers while Rex bounded past Hermione and moved over to Harry, who fed him a piece of bacon.

"Morning," Hermione greeted back as she moved over to the table and sat down next to Harry. She started filling her plate when the windows opened and owls flew in with letters clutched in their talons, causing Hermione to frown. "Why doesn't Dumbledore or the Ministry just place a tracking charm on the owls to find you?" Hermione asked.

"They do," Mia told her and Hermione looked at her.

"There is a barrier surrounding the house," Sirius stated and Hermione looked at him, her curiosity piqued. "It disables any tracking charms that may have been placed on anything within a couple of miles from here. Dumbledore and the Ministry won't waste their time looking in a large amount of area."

"Beside, they wouldn't be able to find us. There's a Fidelius charm placed on the house," Harry spoke up and Hermione looked at him, stunned. A Fidelius charm was a very powerful spell. It allowed a person to be hidden from the world from anyone and that person can press their nose up against the window of the house and wouldn't be able to see the person they were looking for unless the secret keeper

who hold the location gave it away. The Potters had used that spell the night they died and their secret keeper had given away their location.

“Whose the secret keeper?” Hermione asked.

“Me,” Mia told her and Hermione looked at her and Mia winked as she grinned. “People would find it hard to break me in order to get the secrets.” Hermione smiled at her.

The owls dropped the letters on the tables before going out of the window once more as the window shut behind them. Hedwig hooted from where she was sitting up on the cabinet in the dining room.

“I know girl, here,” Harry soothed as he picked up a piece of bacon, stood up and moved over to where Hedwig was and reached up to give her the bacon. She took it with a softer hoot and a nibble of his fingers before he moved back to the table and sat down.

The three of them reached for their letters and opened it. Mia scanned the contents of her lists with an arched eyebrow.

*The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2 by Miranda Goshawk*

*Break with a Banshee by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Gadding with Ghouls by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Holiday with Hags by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Travels with Trolls by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Voyages with Vampires by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Wanderings with Werewolves by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Year with the Yeti by Gilderoy Lockhart*

“Who the hell is Gilderoy Lockhart?” Mia demanded as she looked at her paper. “And why do we have all of his books on this list?”

“Oh!” Hermione squealed, causing everyone to jump as they looked at her. “He’s the best there is!”

“What are you on about?” Mia asked and Hermione turned to face her.

“Oh, he is the most amazing man to walk on earth. He has these good looks and he did everything he wrote in the books. He is so brave!” Harry just arched an eyebrow at Hermione, slightly disturbed to see her acting like this over an older man while Mia just shrugged at her father’s puzzled look before twirling a finger around the side of her head.

“Looks like we’re going to have to go down to Diagon Alley,” Sirius told them and Mia nodded before arching another eyebrow.

“And we need to wear robes, interesting,” she murmured under her breath before shaking her head and looking at her watch. “How about after we’ve all finished our breakfast?” she asked and Sirius nodded.

“That’ll be okay. I’ll change my image and my aura so you’ll need to call me something else so that no one can pin-point I’m Sirius Black,” he told them. Harry nodded while Hermione tilted her head slightly, Gilderoy Lockhart banished from her mind at the moment.

“How do you change your aura?” Hermione asked and Sirius looked at her.

“Pretty easily. I have a potion that I can take. What it does, it alters my magical aura that people can sense and changes it to someone else’s so it’s not completely recognisable,” Sirius explained.

“Will I be able to do that?” Hermione asked and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, once you’ve trained yourself to be able to change your image. Draco, Harry and I can change our image on the spot without an aid of a potion or our wand. We are Metamorphmagus,” Mia explained and Hermione’s eyebrows shot up. “It comes with our abilities to control the elementals.”

"Oh," Hermione said. "Wait, shouldn't we all change our image to stop any Aurors or Dumbledore from finding us and grabbing any adults with us?" Hermione asked and Sirius shook his head.

"No, by changing my magical aura, I'm changing my abilities, I can break through any truth potions that they give me, beside, Diagon Alley will be too busy for Aurors to be looking for us," Sirius explained. Her brain was filled with new ideas and thoughts with new questions running through her head. She was about to ask some more questions when Sirius spoke up.

"You better finish off your breakfast, we're gonna have to leave soon," Sirius told them. Hermione turned to her breakfast and finished it off with four gulps of her pumpkin juice while Sirius made his way into the potion room.

Harry, Hermione and Mia were standing in front of the fireplace, all three of them dressed in robes when Sirius came out, not looking like Sirius at all.

In his place was a dusty brunette with dark blue eyes. He wore his robes with a dark blue shirt and jeans underneath.

"Right, before we go, here's some ground rules," Sirius told them and they looked at him. "When you call me in public, my name is Mac," he told them and they nodded in understanding. "And try and not vanish on me. I don't have time to panic because you all decided to pull a disappearing act." The kids smiled, causing Sirius to shake his head in a mixture of amusement and irritation before he grabbed the pot of floo powder.

"Okay kids, lets go," Sirius told them and they moved over to the fireplace and Harry turned to Hermione.

"Have you floored before?" he asked and got a shake of head in reply. "Okay, Mia will go first," Harry told her and Mia stepped forward and took a handful of green like dust and stepped into the fireplace.

"Diagon Alley!" she shouted before throwing the dust down and she was gone within a green flash of light.

“Okay Hermione, do you think you can try it now?” Sirius asked and Hermione nodded as she took a handful of floo dust from the pot and stepped into the fireplace.

“Diagon Alley!” she shouted before throwing the dust down and disappeared with a flash of green light. Harry looked at Sirius.

“She did say it right, right?” Harry asked and Sirius nodded.

“She said it right,” Sirius agreed and Harry smiled.

“That’s Hermione, gets everything right on the first go,” Harry stated before grabbing a handful of dust and stepped into the fireplace. “Diagon Alley!” he shouted and disappeared with a flash of green light, leaving a laughing Sirius behind.

Harry slid out of the fireplace before rolling and standing up. He looked around and smiled when he saw Hermione and Mia standing in front of them, both brushing the ash from each other’s clothes.

“Hey,” Harry greeted as he moved closer and they both turned to look at him with wide smiles.

“You made it,” Mia told him before they both reached over and brushed him down. There was a whooshing sound and they turned to see Mac coming out of the fireplace. He walked over to them, brushing down his clothes at the same time.

“Ready kids?” he asked and they nodded as they followed him out of the shop.

They made their way round Diagon Alley, collecting the stuff they needed for their year at Hogwarts when they came to a stop outside of Flourish and Blotts where there was a huge sign outside.

“Gilderoy Lockhart, the Magical Me!” was on it with a winking, smiling picture of a blonde haired man. Harry thought he seemed a little vain but didn’t let it on to the others when he saw how happy Hermione was.

"Oh, he's here in person!" Hermione squealed and Mia looked at her, confused.

"Why are you all excited over this man? I don't see anything great about him?" Mia asked.

"He saved towns single-handed," Hermione breathed out. "He's so brave!" Mia arched an eyebrow.

"Harry saved Hogwarts and stopped Voldemort from returning just before the summer, you don't see him rushing to write a book on it, do you?" Mia asked and Hermione waved her hand, dismissively.

"That's like nothing compared to what Gilderoy Lockhart has done," she informed Mia before stepping in the building, leaving Harry taken aback before he looked at Sirius and Mia.

"Oh, I'm guessing this Lockhart person had stopped Voldemort on a countless time?" Harry asked sarcastically before following Hermione in. Mia shook her head and Sirius stifled his laughter.

The bookshop was rather cramped due to all the females that were in the shops. They were all lining up near a large table near the end. Harry could see the man, who was on the poster outside, standing behind the table in the flesh.

"His hair is a bit shiny, isn't it?" Harry asked and Mia covered her mouth to muffle her laughs while Hermione glared at him.

"It's a natural gloss," Hermione shot him before stepping forward and Harry arched an eyebrow.

"And I get the feeling that she just insulted me," Harry told Mia, who bit the sleeves of her robes while looking away as tears of mirth came to her eyes.

"Are you trying to kill her with laughter?" Sirius hissed to Harry, who shrugged.

"Not my fault the man is a little...shiny," Harry muttered, squinting his eyes at the man. "Though I think I need my eyes checked again, he

seem to be...glittering," Harry took off his glasses and rubbed them with the hem of his t-shirt before placing it back on his eyes then took them off again.

"Harry, he is glittery," Mia told him and Harry placed his glasses back on before looking at his sister with disgust clear on his face.

"Bloody hell, what the world coming to?" he demanded before looking at the line when he spotted a familiar red head. "Ron?" Harry called and Ron spun around. When his blue eyes landed on Harry, his face spilt into a wide grin as he moved over to him.

"Hey Mate, I was wondering if I was going to see you today," Ron told him before looking at Mia. "Hey Mia," he greeted and Mia grinned back as Hermione moved over to them with the two adults that Harry and Mia had seen at the train station before the summer.

"Everyone, these are my parents, Stuart and Jane Granger," Hermione told them. They had arranged at the beginning of the summer to meet up in Diagon Alley so they all could meet up with each other.

They had been waiting at the back of the bookstore, browsing some books when their daughter had come up to get them and had explained to her how the bartender Tom had allowed them through into Diagon Alley so they could meet up with their daughter.

"Mum, dad, this is Harry Potter, Mia Black, Ron Weasley, my friends. This is Mac, he is our chaperones today," Hermione explained and they nodded as they reached out and took Sirius' hand and shook it.

They had been warned that Sirius would be in a disguise so that no one would know it was him and try and take Harry and Mia away from him.

"It is nice to meet you," Stuart told him and Sirius smiled.

"Nice to meet you too, it was no problem bringing the kids down. Sirius would have come himself but because of everything..." he trailed off and Jane waved a hand.



"Understandable, Hermione did say that the Wizarding World could be rather...rash when they wanted to be," Jane told him. Mia snorted in agreement, causing them to look at her.

"Sorry," she apologised as a group of red heads walked over to them.

"Ronald, what have I told you about walking off?" the rather plump red haired female demanded and Ron smiled, sheepish.

"Sorry mom," Ron told her before turning the rest. "This is Harry Potter, Mia Black, Hermione Granger, Hermione's parents, Stuart and Jane and this Mac, Harry and Mia's chaperones," Ron told the group before turning to the gang. "Everyone, this is my mom, Molly, my dad, Arthur and my little sister, Ginny. You know the twins."

"Hey boys!" Mia greeted with a wave and the twins waved back.

"Ready for another year at Hogwarts?" Fred asked and George elbowed him in the side.

"Of course she is ready, she is, after all the queen of pranks," George scolded him, causing Mia to laugh.

"Nice to know that you two have me in a high pedestal, even though I haven't even done any pranking last year to claim it," she teased them and they grinned back at her.

"We have a feeling you will have lots of reason to prank this year," Fred told her, leaving everyone looking at them, curious.

Harry turned to Ginny and smiled at her.

"This your first year at Hogwarts?" Harry asked, noticing the books in the cauldron that she was carrying. He got a bright red blush and a stammer in return, causing Hermione to narrow her eyes at the red haired girl. Harry and Ron looked on in amusement while Mia just arched an eyebrow.

"Yeah, last one of the Weasleys, so far, to head off to Hogwarts," Ron explained for his star-struck sister before they turned around when they heard a loud voice.

“Gather around everybody!” a male voice shouted and they saw Gilderoy Lockhart holding his arms up with a bright smile on his face, which had a lot of the witches, sans Mia, swooning.

Ron and Mia just looked around them in wariness and a hint of disgust on their face while Harry rolled his eyes, obviously bored with the man in front of them.

“Yes, it is I, Gilderoy Lockhart. I am here to sign books and to give away copies of my newest book – Gilderoy Lockhart, Magical Me.” He lifted one of the books and showed it to everyone as a photographer took a picture for the Daily Prophet.

Gilderoy looked around when his eyes landed on Harry and his eyes flickered over to his scar that was showing brilliantly through Harry’s bangs. Harry’s eyes widened when understanding dawned on him and a bunch of women blocked Gilderoy’s view of Harry, giving Mia the chance she needed.

“Duck,” Mia hissed as she pulled Harry down and Harry knelt down close to ground while Lockhart looked around.

“Didn’t I see Harry Potter?” Lockhart asked, looking confused. Everyone else just looked around too while Hermione was frowning, looking around for Harry.

“Sorry, think you might be a bit mistaken,” Mia called at him and he nodded as he shook his head before smiling brightly.

“Nothing about it, I’m sure that I will see Harry Potter over Hogwarts this year,” he told him, causing Mia to arch an eyebrow.

“How do you mean?” One of the females asked in a breathless voice and Gilderoy winked at her before flashing her his most charming smile, which caused her to nearly faint.

“I just wanted to tell you that I’m the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher!” Lockhart informed them. All the women cheered while all the girls sighed and swooned over him while Harry buried his face into his hands.

"Oh hell," he muttered. He was going to have to deal with the idiot for an entire year!

"What the hell is going on?" Sirius muttered before shaking his head before looking at his daughter, who was eyeing Lockhart with a mixture of disgust and annoyance.

"Of course we would get that vain prick arrogant pathetic excuse of a man for a teacher," she muttered out before shaking her head and walking off. Harry stood back up next to Sirius after making sure that no one was looking in his direction.

"She's mad," Harry muttered as he rolled his shoulders before shaking his head. "And I have to agree with her. The thought of dealing with that man for the rest of the year..." he trailed off and fear filled his green eyes.

Confused, Sirius turned and saw Hermione bearing down on Harry with fire behind her eyes.

"What did you think you were doing hiding from Lockhart?" she hissed and Harry arched an eyebrow.

"Excuse me if I don't want to associate myself with that fraud!" Harry hissed.

"He's not a fraud!" Hermione hissed back. "He wrote all those books!"

"Exactly, he wrote the books. I don't see anyone coming forward and saying that they were witnesses to him doing these things," Harry shot back and Hermione arched an eyebrow.

"No one was there to witness to defeat Voldemort yet they still call you the boy who lived," Hermione shot back at him and Harry glared at her.

"At least I'm not flaunting around like that flaming idiot!" Harry snapped and Sirius placed himself between the two kids, lifting his hands into a T-shape.

“Oi, time out!” he exclaimed before rubbing his forehead. “Hermione, Harry didn’t want to be plastered over the papers and I’m not surprised. He is allowed to decide if he wants to be associated with Lockhart or not,” he informed Hermione before holding up his hand. “It’s his choice,” he repeated, firmly before turning to face Harry. “And Hermione has a right to believe in whoever she wants to believe in,” Sirius informed Harry, who nodded. Hermione just huffed before walking off, leaving Harry rolling his eyes.

“Bloody hell,” Harry muttered with a shake of his head while Sirius just sighed.

“Too much like Lily, she is,” Sirius muttered before Harry ducked around Sirius, hiding behind him as Lockhart walked by with his many adoring fans.

“Something tells me I’m not going to live through Hogwarts this year,” Harry informed Sirius. They moved away and made their way toward the exit when he stopped in his tracks. Someone stepped into the shop. He moved over to the person.

“Lucius Malfoy,” Harry stated as he came to a stop in front of a long blonde haired man.

“Harry Potter,” Lucius sneered as he looked down at him. “Wrecking havoc just like your father,” he muttered and Harry arched an eyebrow.

“And you would know,” Harry stated, causing Lucius to glare at him in return.

“Oh lookie here, Mr Malfoy Senior out on the town. Hell must have frozen over if he is gracing us with his presence,” Mia stated as she walked over to them.

“Mind your manners young lady,” Lucius snapped.

“Mind your manners old man. You’re not my father therefore you can’t tell me what to do,” she retorted.

“Just like your mother you are,” Lucius snipped and Mia grinned.

"Thanks, I'll take that as a compliment," she replied.

"Shouldn't you be with your guardians?" Lucius demanded.

"Shouldn't you be getting a life?" Mia mocked back.

The Weasley family, Sirius and the Grangers moved forward to where Harry and Mia were facing off with Lucius Malfoy when a tall black haired female stood up with a smaller blonde haired male.

"Potter," Malfoy greeted and Harry glared back.

"Malfoy," Harry snipped back.

"Now, now, play nice boys," Lucius told them before looking over at the rest of the gang who showed up. "No need to guess who you all are, red hair, vacant expressions, hand me down rags," he picked up one of the book in Ginny's caldron before placing it back in. "...you must be the Weasleys," Lucius told them and Arthur stepped forward.

"Lucius," he greeted, coldly, and Lucius smirked before he looked down at Hermione and his eyebrow raised slightly.

"And you must be Hermione Granger, the muggle born," Lucius stated and Harry stepped in front of her.

"And she has nothing to do with you," Harry replied.

"Very protective of her, aren't you?" Lucius asked and Harry lifted his chin.

"With the way you treat them?" Harry asked with a snort. "Don't know why you are surprised."

"What is it with you lot and Muggle-borns?" Lucius demanded and Mia smirked.

"Hey, you know the rules Malfoy. You push us, we'll shove you right back," Mia informed him before shrugging. "Beside, they're better than you guys - they actually do what it takes to prevent things from happening unlike some people I could mention," she informed him.

“What is that suppose to mean?” Malfoy asked and Mia arched an eyebrow.

“Like what I said. In the muggle world they actually get off their ass and do what it takes to bring someone down, while in this world they bury their heads in the sands and hope it passes.”

Malfoy made toward her when Lucius’ cane snapped around, preventing Malfoy from moving any further.

“Time to go, I believe,” Lucius told him before grabbing Malfoy’s shoulder. He spun his son around while helping his wife out of the shop. Mia stepped forward so that she and Draco could whisper to each other without anyone else hearing them.

“Good going,” Draco whispered to Mia before walking off, leaving Mia hiding a smirk.

“Well,” Sirius started and everyone looked at him. “I think I should get the kids back home after all the excitement they had today.” Harry and Mia nodded while Sirius looked at Stuart and Jane Granger. “Do you wish to take Hermione back home with you or shall I take her back with us?” Sirius asked.

“We’ll take her home with us. I’m sure she will want to collect the rest of her belongings for Hogwarts. Just bring her stuff with you at the train station and we’ll sort out what she’s to take with her and for us to take home with us,” Jane told him and Sirius nodded as he shook their hands.

“It was very nice to meet you,” Sirius told them and they nodded.

“It was nice to meet you too, Mac,” they told him. Hermione hugged Mia and gave Harry a big hug before pulling away; she smiled slightly when she saw Ginny’s jealous look before moving over next to her parents before they walked off.

“See you at the train station?” Harry asked Ron, who nodded in reply.

“Yep, see you then,” Ron told them as Harry, Mia and Sirius made their way over to Tom’s place so they could use the floo to get home.

Sirius shrunk their books and equipment and placed them into his pocket.

"That was eventful," Sirius, told them as he led the way into the Tom's bar and they headed in the backroom where the fireplace was.

"Oh yeah, we find out that Hermione has this ridiculous crush on an complete fraud, only to find out that said fraud is now our teacher at Hogwarts this year. Great day," Mia muttered as she grabbed some floo power and threw it into the fireplace. "Grimsom's place!" she snapped and disappeared, leaving Harry and Sirius looking at each other.

"And we're in for hell tonight," Harry informed Sirius before grabbing his handful of floo powder and called his destination before he disappeared in a green flash.

Harry coughed when he came tumbling out of his fireplace in his bedroom and let out a sigh as he moved over toward his bed only to stop short when he saw that it was already occupied.

A house elf was bouncing on his bed. Harry would see that he had slightly pointed ears and was wearing a pillowcase as clothing. The house elf stopped bouncing when it realised that it had an audience and jumped off the bed.

"Harry Potter," it breathed out and Harry arched an eyebrow.

"I'm sorry, but who are you?" he asked.

"Dobby, sir, Dobby the House Elf," Dobby introduced himself and Harry nodded.

"Nice to meet you but not to be rude, what are you doing in my bedroom?" Harry asked and Dobby pulled at the bottom of his pillowcase.

"Dobby came to warn Harry Potter not to go back to Hogwarts this year," Dobby explained and Harry shook his head.

"I'm sorry, what?" Harry asked.

"It's too dangerous for Harry Potter to be at Hogwarts, he must not go!" Dobby pleaded.

"Dobby, I have to go. It's where I learn magic," Harry told him and Dobby shook his head.

"Harry Potter must not go to Hogwarts, too much danger rises there!" he exclaimed only to stop when there was a clatter outside of Harry's room. Harry's snapped around to face the door before he looked back to where Dobby had been standing only to see that he had gone, leaving Harry alone and confused.

"What the hell was that all about?" Harry muttered himself.



### Chapter 3: Blocked Barrier, Flying Car and a Tree that hits back.

“Harry, are you ready yet?” Mia shouted from the bottom of the stairs. She was dressed in her black knee length skirt and a blue top that said, ‘No one said I had to be Sane’ across it in bold black letters. She tapped her trainer-clad foot as she waited for her brother to get a move on.

“Just coming!” Harry shouted back and she huffed as she threw up her hands and made her way into the kitchen.

Harry was in his bedroom; his top half of his body was under the bed while the bottom half, dressed in khaki trousers and trainers, stuck out. Hedwig hooted softly as she watched him from her perch, tilting her head slightly to the side.

“Gotcha!” Harry muttered out as he wiggled himself out from under his bed, revealing that he was wearing a black shirt with the words ‘I may be famous, but I’m not stupid,’ written across it in bold white letters. He shook his head and held up the book before shoving it into his trunk, which he kicked the side of, causing the top to fall down and latched itself as Harry made his way over to Hedwig. “Another year at Hogwarts, girl,” he told her before holding out his arm and the snowy owl jumped on to it.

Harry walked over to the cage that was sitting on his bedside table and opened the door before allowing Hedwig to make her way in, and locked the door before grabbing an owl treat from the owl treat bag and placed it through the bars. “Don’t worry, you’ll be out of there before you know it.” She hooted at him before taking the treat and settled herself while Harry picked up the cage and lifted up his trunk before making his way out of the bedroom.

Dee-Di walked past him before snapping her fingers and levitating the trunk down the stairs, leaving Harry free to carry Hedwig’s cage. He made his way down the stairs and bumped into Mia, who came out of the kitchen.

“Finally!” she cried when she saw Harry. “Maybe now we can get a move on to getting into the car!” she pushed Harry out of the house

before grabbing Harry's trunk and pulled it out of the house with her and shut the front door.

They made their way over to the driveway and Mia gave Sirius the trunk before climbing into the car, shaking her head.

Harry rolled his eyes as he climbed in, after making sure that Hedwig was secured in the middle before closing his door. Sirius just smirked to himself as he placed the trunk into the boot before moving around to the front of the car. He had changed his image, and this time he had dark red hair that was almost brown and blue/green eyes.

"So, how are you feeling about having Lockhart as your teacher this year?" Sirius asked once the car started moving and Mia glared at him through the rear view mirror.

"Don't mention that name around me," she muttered before shaking her head. "I'm still getting letters from Hermione about how wonderful and amazing the man is. God, how can she be so easily sucked in?"

"A lot of women seems to like him," Harry pointed out and Mia lifted up a hand.

"That's my point. I mean, I can easily tell he is a fake so how come all the other girls can't?" Mia asked.

"Because you're more grown up," Sirius told them and they looked at him as he looked at them via the rear mirror. "You have been forced to grow up since a young age and you have been trained to spot liars from truth while Hermione hasn't. She's still in progress with that situation."

"I hope we're not going to have to deal with his damn fame all year," Harry told them and Mia looked at him with a smirk.

"With Harry Potter at Hogwarts, the same school as the most famous Teacher to walk on earth is attending to?" she asked before shaking her head. "Ain't gonna happen in a million years." Harry shot her a glare of annoyance and she shook her head. "Maybe he will trip up and fall down the stairs," she suggested and Harry cracked a grin at his sister.

"I'm sure this year will be fine," Harry told her and she nodded as she turned to face Hedwig and smiled as she reached out and stroked the white feathers through the bars. Hedwig hooted slightly as she turned her head and nibbled on Mia's fingers softly before turning back. Mia turned to her owl and smiled when she saw Cassie was sleeping. Rex was still at home. They had looked through the rulebook for pets and found out that Dogs are not usually allowed so Rex was to stay at home with Sirius.

Sirius pulled into the parking lot and helped the kids out of the car. He assisted them with their trunks and gave them their tickets.

"I can't come with you because of Dumbledore. He's probably got people guarding the train so I'm gonna leave here," Sirius told them and they nodded.

"Sure thing, see you maybe at Christmas?" Mia asked as she looked at Harry and he shrugged.

"Depends on if anything is going wrong at Hogwarts," he told her. She laughed as she turned back to her dad and hugged him before pulling away to let Harry hug him too. They grabbed their owl cases and dragged their trunks over to the train station while Sirius got back into the car and drove off.

Harry and Mia made their way over to the platform 3 and 4 quarter where they met up with Hermione and the Weasleys.

"Harry!" Ron shouted when he saw them, causing everyone to spin around. Ginny blushed bright red while Hermione smiled as she walked over and hugged him. Mia shook her head - Hermione had sent her letters saying how Ginny had obviously had a crush on Harry and how it annoyed her yet she had gone on and on about how she liked Lockhart.

"Damned if you do, damned if you don't," Mia murmured under her breath and felt sorry for Harry - he was going to have to face a very insane woman.

"Glad you made it," Ron told them and Mia nodded.

“Almost didn’t, Harry took ages getting ready,” Mia told him and Ginny spoke up.

“I think he looks fine,” Ginny stated, defensively toward Mia, who arched an eyebrow and smirked.

“No need to defend him from me - I am his sister,” Mia shot at her before stepping closer. “And I suggest you be careful where you step, you never know where you might end up.” With that, Mia stepped through the barrier with Hermione and the Weasley family, apart from Ron and Harry. Ginny watched Mia before she narrowed her eyes and stepped through the barrier.

Ron looked up at the clock and sighed.

“We better move,” Ron told him and Harry looked up too before he nodded in agreement.

“Yeah.” They both moved over to the barrier and made a run for it only to slam right into the wall. Startled, people turned to look at the two boys before shaking their heads and continuing what they were doing while a guard walked over to them.

“What on earth are you playing at? Do you think that’s funny?” He demanded.

“Sorry,” Harry told him as he stood up. “My wheels went funny,” he explained and the guard glared before he walked off. Harry helped Ron up and the both of them moved over to the barrier. Ron pressed his hands against the wall only for it to stay solid and looked up at the clock and saw it that was 11 o’clock

“We’re too late. The train leaves at 11,” Ron moaned and Harry sighed as he looked around.

“How the hell are we supposed to get to Hogwarts then?” Harry asked. “If we can’t get through then I doubt anyone can get back.”

“Our car!” Ron exclaimed and Harry looked at him, puzzlement marred his expression. “Come on!” Ron grabbed his trolley and rushed out of the train station with Harry hot on his heels.

"Where the hell are Harry and Ron?" Hermione demanded as she looked around and Mia felt fear creep into her stomach.

"Did you see them come through the barrier?" Mia asked and Hermione shook her head.

"No, I was talking to my parents," she admitted and Mia nodded.

"I was too busy talking to the twins," she admitted too and they both looked at each other, wondering what had happened to the boys.

Harry was sitting in the passenger side of the blue ford, looking a little wary as he did before looking at Ron, who was sitting in the driver's side. The car was flying above London and Harry had a feeling that they were going to get a lot of problems when they arrived at Hogwarts.

"Are you sure you can drive this thing?" Harry asked as the car shot up in the air.

"Of course I can," Ron replied, indignantly.

"Then you better put it on invisibility mode because the muggles around here aren't use to flying cars," Harry informed him. Ron blushed as a sheepish grin crossed over his face before he reached over and pressed a button, causing the car to disappear around them and they continued on their quest to get to Hogwarts.

They made their way over the expansive lands when the car gave a shudder before it became visible. Harry and Ron looked around, confused, before Ron reached over and pressed the button a few times with nothing happening and sighed.

"Must be faulty, dad didn't spend a lot of time on this car," Ron explained as he sat back and Harry frowned with concern.

"All we need to do is find the train and follow it," Harry told him and Ron nodded. "Go lower, maybe we can catch sight of the tracks."

Ron moved the car down lower and they caught sight of the bridge that they used to get to Hogwarts and they both grinned at the sight.

“There is it,” Ron exclaimed as he moved the car over the bridge and hovered over it. “Now, all we have to do is find the train.”

A whistle started up and Harry frowned.

“Is it just me or does it sound really close?” Harry asked and Ron shook his head.

“Not just you,” Ron told him as they both looked around only to look behind them and they saw the scarlet train hurtling toward them.

“ARGH!” they both screamed as Ron twisted the steering, jerking the car off the tracks and under the bridge before jerking the car up but it twisted under the pressure, slamming Harry against the passenger door. The door flew open, causing Harry to fall out, clinging to the handle.

“Harry!” Ron shouted.

“Keep the car straight!” Harry shouted back as he twisted himself and threw his feet up and through the door and hauled himself up. It took a few minutes but he managed to do it and slammed the door shut after he got in.

He rested his back against the chair and breathed heavily. “I think we can safely say we’ve found the train,” Harry told him and Ron nodded in agreement as he, shakily, followed the Express.

It was nighttime by the time they reached Hogwarts. They both smiled when the castle came into view.

“Hogwarts for another year,” Harry stated and Ron dropped the car down lower when all of a sudden, it went out of control, causing fear to shoot through the boys.

“ARGH!” Harry and Ron screamed as they crashed into the tree, causing it to bounce and buck each time it hit a branch, going further into the tree before it came to a stop.

Both boys sat back and sighed as they looked around before Ron took in the sight of his wand. He had tapped the steering wheel of the

Car, trying to make it stop when he hit it too hard, causing the wand to snap into two pieces.

"My wand," Ron moaned and Harry shook his head.

"Be grateful that it wasn't your neck," Harry told him before looking around, his instincts high. There was something wrong here. Hedwig looked behind her and started hooting like mad, causing Harry and Ron to spin around in their seat to see a branch shoved its way through the rear window.

Harry's hand shot out and pushed Hedwig's cage onto its side so it missed the branch before turning back round in his seat. The branch shot through the car and out of the front window when a loud thump came from the top of the car.

Both boys leaned forward and saw that a thick branch was slamming itself into the roof of the car before it finally made a dent, causing the roof to bend in two and the windows to shatter from the increased pressure.

"What the hell is going on!" Ron shouted.

"The tree is hitting us!" Harry shouted back as they found themselves being forced back into their seat as a branch hit the front of the car, sending it sliding backward only to be forced forward as a branch hit the back of the car, sending it forward. The front branch reared up once more and slammed it into the front of the car, sending the car back and it began to tip, causing the car to fall backward.

"Hold on!" Harry shouted as the back of the car hit a branch, causing it to bounce and tip to the front as they fell down to the ground. It landed with a hard thump and Harry looked up through the window only to see the tree rearing its branch to slam it down onto the car. "DRIVE!" Harry shouted and Ron shoved the gears forward before slamming his feet onto the pedal and it shot forward.

The branch slammed right down in to the place where the car had been. The car came to a stop a few feet away from the entrance of Hogwarts when the doors slammed open and the chairs tipped themselves, ejecting Harry and Ron from their seat a few feet away

onto the ground. Harry looked up only for his eyes to widen when he saw that the car was getting ready to eject Hedwig.

He got up and grabbed the cage out of the air before pulling it down and looked into the cage, only to see Hedwig ruffling her feathers, madly.

“Are you okay?” Harry asked as he reached in and stroked her feathers only to get a hard nip in reply. “Ouch!”

Ron was standing on the other side, holding a smaller cage that had his rat Scabbers inside of it. The rat seemed unfazed by everything. They both looked up and saw their trunks fly out of the boot of the car before the boot slammed itself down and the car drove off, causing Harry and Ron to place their cages down and chased after the vehicle.

“Mum is *gonna* kill me!” Ron moaned.

“Come on, we better get everything up to the castle before someone catches us out here,” Harry told him. Ron nodded as they picked up their trunks and cages before hurrying through the entrance of Hogwarts and made their way up the stairs.

They placed their trunks and cages at the bottom of the steps where the rest of the student’s belongings sat before hurrying forward.

“Of all of the trees on Hogwarts Ground, we just had to hit the one that would hit us back,” Ron, grumbled as they made their way over to the Great Hall and Harry nodded in agreement.

“Now we know why it’s called the Whomping Willow,” he told Ron. He and Mia had heard plenty stories of the Whomping Willow although Sirius had neglected to mention *why* it was called the Whomping Willow.

They made their way up the stairs of the castle and looked through the windows of the castle.

“We’ve missed the sorting,” Ron told Harry as he peered and Harry nodded.



“Bound to, we were pretty much late heading to the castle and being detained by the tree hadn’t helped much,” Harry told him while Ron looked back and fourth.

“Hey, Harry, Snape isn’t there,” Ron told him and Harry pushed himself further against the window and looked at the head table and saw that the potion master wasn’t there at the head table.

“Where do you think he is?” Harry asked and Ron shrugged.

“Maybe he left because he didn’t get the Defense Against the Dark Arts job,” Ron suggested and Harry made a face.

“I can’t believe I’m going to say this but I would prefer him over that arrogant jerk anytime,” Harry admitted and Ron looked at him before wincing in agreement.

“Same here, at least he not a vain git like him,” Ron nudged his head toward the mirror in Lockhart’s direction and Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Is he wearing a yellow robe?” Harry asked and Ron looked in and squinted his eyes.

“More like green if you ask me,” Ron told him.

“Actually, it’s a golden yellow colour,” a sharp cold voice informed them and they both froze on the spot. It would have been comical to anyone looking in the Great Hall. Two boys – one the boy who lived – standing straight like a board and eyes wide open before they, slowly, turned around to see Snape standing there behind them. He was dressed in his normal outfit of black robes.

“Professor Snape,” Harry greeted with a short nod and Snape’s eyes narrowed at the two boys.

“Follow me, you two,” he informed them before spinning around, his robes flaring out as he did so and stomped up the rest of the stairs of the castle with Harry and Ron following him, both sharing a look.

“You were seen by no less than TEN muggles!” Snape snapped as he threw down the paper. Ron and Harry could see a picture of a

flying car going out of view before they looked up at Snape once more. They were in their Potion Classroom; Snape was sitting on his chair behind the desk as he glared at the two young men.

"Sir," Harry started but he was cut off.

"Not to mention the damage you inflicted on the Whomping Willow. That tree has been on these very ground before you were even born!"

"That tree did more damage to us than we did to it!" Ron exclaimed only to snap his mouth shut when Snape shot him a cold glare.

"Hold your mouth!" Snape snapped before he got off his seat and rounded the desk. "Be warned, if you were in my house, you would have your wand snapped and expelled before you could say Hogwarts...but as you're not..."

"And they're not," a male voice spoke up and they turned to see Dumbledore and McGonagall standing in the doorway. "Minerva will deal with the boys in her own way."

"Come along," McGonagall snipped as she waved her hand at the boys, who hurried over to her and followed her out of the classroom, leaving Dumbledore with Snape.

The boys followed McGonagall into her classroom and she closed the door before making her way over to her desk. She sat down behind it and eyed the two boys in front of her.

"What do you two have say for yourself?" McGonagall asked.

"Nothing," Harry told her and McGonagall arched an eyebrow.

"Excuse me?" McGonagall asked and Harry sighed.

"The barrier was blocked and we couldn't get in to get to the train so we took the nearest available transportation. Very sorry if your prefects can't count how many students should be on the train and couldn't get a hold of you," Harry informed her.

"You had an owl," McGonagall informed him and Harry snorted.

“Sorry Madam, but there was no way in hell I was using my owl to send you a message. It was too far to send a message for her and it takes hours, none of us were going to sit around in the train station waiting for you to turn up. I wasn’t risking it,” Harry informed. “As we’re not expelled, can we please go to our room?”

McGonagall stood there; eyeing Harry for a moment before nodding and Harry left the room with Ron following after him, stunned at what had happened in front of him.

When the door shut, McGonagall sat back in her chair and pondered everything since she had met him. She found it hard to believe that Sirius had betrayed Lily and James but Dumbledore said the evidence were pretty damning and that Sirius was building Harry up to become the next dark lord but everything didn’t point to that. The facts all pointed to Harry taking control of his own life and not allowing anyone to control him.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Ron told Harry as they made their way up to the Fat Lady picture.

“I got tired of having to defend myself. How are we supposed to know the whole flipping book on laws and rules?” Harry demanded. “No one knows the whole the rule book off by heart in the muggle world!”

“I said it before, I’ll say it again. Bloody hell,” Ron muttered and Harry grinned as they came to stop outside the painting before looking at each other as understanding dawned on them.

“No password,” Harry told Ron, who rolled his eyes only for the two of them to jump when a female voice spoke up.

“Where on Earth have you been?” they turned around to see Hermione walking up the stairs with Mia with her.

“Long story, have you got the password?” Ron asked.

“There have been rumours going around Hogwarts saying you have been expelled for crashing a flying car into the Whomping Willow!” Hermione continued on as if she hadn’t heard Ron, while Mia covered her mouth. She had noticed that Hermione hadn’t taken her eyes off

Harry the whole time. So much for giving him the silent treatment that she had promised Mia that she was going to give Harry for being horrible to Lockhart.

"We haven't been expelled, so password please?" Harry pleaded and Mia arched an eyebrow.

"You're saying that you actually drove a flying car?" Mia asked and both boys gave her sheepish grins before she shook her head.

"The password is Wattlebird," Hermione told them and Harry turned to face the Fat Lady.

"Wattlebird," Harry told her and the Fat Lady bowed her head.

"Correct," she told him before sliding the painting to the side, revealing the pathway toward the common room. They entered it only for the two boys to be pulled in by the twins.

"Classic!" Fred shouted.

"The best thing to have ever happened at Hogwarts!" George agreed, causing the two boys to roll their eyes.

"We didn't..." Harry tried.

"To Harry Potter and Ron Weasley, the two boys to pull off just a marvellous action!" the twins shouted as they raised their wands and bright red sparks shot out of their wands and everyone cheered while Harry and Ron looked at each other. Hermione covered her face with her hands and Mia had to laugh - her dad was going to love this!

Soon, the Common room was empty apart from Harry and Mia, who stayed up. He told Mia everything that had happened since they arrived back from Diagon Alley and how the barrier blocked itself, preventing Harry and Ron from accessing the train.

Mia leaned back in on the chair and looked at Harry.

"Someone is pretty determined to stop you coming back from Hogwarts this year," Mia told him and Harry agreed.

“I know, but the question is, why?” he told her and they both turned back to face the fire, wondering what other things were going to happen this year.

## Chapter 4: Howler, Classes and Bed.

Harry woke up the next morning. He rolled over onto his side and saw that the dawn was breaking through. He let out a yawn before he stretched himself and went back to sleep, intending to take in a few more hours before he had to wake up for class.

Meanwhile, Hermione was sitting up in her bed, reading over her notes and homework that she had done over the summer. Even though she had been through them all, it didn't hurt just to look through it once more. She sighed as she looked over to her left and smiled softly when she saw Mia curled up under her bed.

Mia's black hair was practically the only thing visible. Mia loved her sleep and Hermione knew it. That's why it was funny to see Mia sleep like her life depended on it. Hermione's smile faded as she remembered Mia's words to her before they left for the summer, how Hermione kept a distance between them, and Harry words about how water was more in tune than he thought. She still puzzled over what he had meant and tried to find books and information on it yet turned up empty handed and it drove her mad!

How was she supposed to know what everything meant when there were no books to help her?

"Books don't always have information on life," Mia mumbled in her sleep. She turned over before she let out a contented sigh and snuggled into her pillow, leaving Hermione staring at the other female in a stunned shock.

"I guess Harry was right when he said that Mia had a habit of reading people's mind," she muttered to herself. She shook her head and turned back to her notes, intending to concentrate for the day of their first classes and wondered what classes she was going to have.

Harry made his way into the Common Room. He was all washed and dressed but not completely awake. He blinked through bleary eyes at Mia and Hermione standing near the fireplace. Mia was looking quite happy with herself and Harry shook his head. He couldn't understand how Mia could be so cheerful and bouncy early in the morning.

“Breakfast!” Mia called out with delight in her voice.

“Time-tables,” Harry called back and got a scowl in his direction.

“Now, why did you have to go and mention that?” she demanded. “I was happy!” Harry just grinned as he led the way down the stairs toward the Great Hall before he came to a stop.

“Oh hell, Lockhart in there,” he muttered and Mia grinned.

“Forget did ya?” Mia asked before she walked past him and entered the Great Hall for her breakfast.

They made their way over to their house table and sat down for their breakfast. The papers and the mail came just as everyone was tucking into their breakfast. Ron looked up only for his face to pale when he saw a brown owl heading toward him.

The owl crashed landed into a bowl before it dropped onto the table and Ron shook his head.

“Bloody owl,” Ron muttered before he noticed what the owl had been carrying. “Uh oh,” Ron groaned out while Hermione reached out and poked the owl.

“I think it’s still alive,” Hermione told him and Ron shook his head as he lifted the red envelope that the owl had dropped.

“Weasley got himself a howler,” Seamus called out, causing Harry, Mia and Hermione to look at Ron in confusion.

“A what?” Hermione asked.

“You better open it, Ron,” Neville spoke up. “Best get it over and done with. I ignored one from my grandmother once...it was horrible.”

With trembling hands, Ron turned the letter over and started to open it when all of a sudden it yanked itself out of his hands and formed itself into a mouth shape. The loud voice of Molly Weasley screamed its way throughout Hogwarts, trying her best to raise the dead.

“RONALD WEASLEY, HOW DARE YOU STEAL THE CAR WITHOUT OUR PERMISSION. I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF THEY'D EXPELLED YOU. YOU WAIT TILL I GET A HOLD OF YOU. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT YOU FATHER AND I WENT THROUGH WHEN IT HAD GONE...!”

Mia whined as she covered her ears, ducking down on her seat while everyone in the Great Hall spun around to see who got the howler. Harry was wincing as he fought hard not to cover his ears while Hermione looks liked someone was trying to stab her.

“WHEN WE GOT A LETTER FROM DUMBLEDORE LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT YOUR FATHER WOULD DIE OF SHAME. WE DIDN'T BRING YOU UP TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS, YOU AND HARRY COULD BOTH HAVE DIED...”

Harry sighed; he had wondered when his name was going to crop up in the situation. He focused hard on his breakfast as his eardrums throbbed in agony of listening to the volume of Molly's voice.

“WE ARE ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED WITH YOU. YOUR FATHER IS FACING AN ENQUIRY AT WORK, IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT AND IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE WE'LL BRING YOU STRAIGH BACK HOME!” The letter plunged into silence before it turned to it's right. “Oh, and congratulations Ginny, on making Gryffindor.”

With that, Ginny looked around, embarrassed, while the letter tore itself up. Harry looked around and saw Hedwig flying toward him and winced slightly, hoping that Sirius hadn't given him a howler. Hedwig came to a stop, but in front of Mia.

Mia reached out and took the letter then Hedwig made her way over to Harry, who reached out and stroked Hedwig's white feather before handing her a piece of bacon and some water.

Mia opened her letter, read it before she burst into laughs.

“Mia?” Harry asked and Mia looked up at him.



“Dad just going on about how brilliant the stunt you pulled and what your dad would have been like is he was still alive, never mind you mum,” Mia explained, giving the brief contents of her letter and Harry groaned.

“At least he didn’t send a howler,” Harry muttered and Mia bit back a grin.

“He said if your mom was still alive, she would most definitely send a howler,” Mia told him. Harry shook his head as he finished off his breakfast when McGonagall made her way over to her house table.

“Time Tables,” she called out as she handed out the years their timetables. Mia looked at hers.

“We have Herbology today,” Mia told them and Harry grinned.

“Great, I wonder what Professor Sprout is going to teach us this year,” Harry told her as he looked through his timetable before making a face. “We have DADA with Slytherin.”

“And we’re stuck with the fraud,” Mia muttered under her breath.

“Will you stop calling him a fraud? He’s not a fraud!” Hermione snipped and Mia rolled her eyes as she turned back to her breakfast before looking at her watch.

“We better get a move on, we have...” she was cut off from a blinding flash, causing her to snatch her hand out and grab the object before grabbing the intruder by their shirt.

Once her sight came back into view, she saw that she had a camera in her right hand and was holding a young boy of 11 in her left hand. “What...” she trailed off.

“I’m Colin Creevy, I wanted to take a picture of Harry Potter to prove to my father that I at the same school as him,” the small blonde explained and Mia sighed.

“Buddy, ask first next time,” she told him as she let him down and handed him the camera back.

“Okay, sorry,” he told her and she nodded as he walked off before shaking her head.

“Flaming mental, the lot of them,” Mia muttered as they stood up and headed out of the Great Hall and into grounds where the Greenhouses were.

“I hope we’re not going to do anything extremely dangerous this year,” Ron muttered as he peered at the rows of Greenhouses.

“It’s only the first day, I hardly think she is going to throw us into the lake,” Hermione huffed. “Although, Lockhart has written some good books on Herbology.”

“Of course he has,” Mia retorted with a roll of her eyes and looked off to the side only for her eyes to widen. Harry turned in the direction she was looking at and rolled his eyes when he saw Lockhart following their Herbology teacher – Professor Sprout.

“Hello everyone!” Lockhart cried out, jollily and Ron groaned. “Just giving Professor Sprout here some tips on how to deal with certain plants.”

“Is he our Herbology teacher?” Mia muttered under her breath and got headshakes from people. “Then I don’t think he is in any position to tell our Herbology teacher anything.”

“Greenhouse 3!” Professor Sprout called out, causing everyone to freeze on the spot while Mia shot Hermione a frustrated look. Greenhouse Three had more dangerous plants in it than the ones they were used to.

“You jinxed us!” she hissed and Hermione rolled her eyes before they all made their way into the greenhouse. Harry made to step in when Lockhart stepped forward and grabbed Harry’s arm.

“Can I have a word with you, Harry?” Lockhart asked, using Harry’s name like they were old friends. “You don’t mind, do you?” Professor Sprout shot him a look saying that she did mind but Lockhart, as blind as usual, missed it and smiled. “Thank you.” With that, he shut the greenhouse door in her face before turning to Harry. “Harry, I know

you admire me and look up to me but trust me when I say that trying to get yourself on the front page every time isn't a good thing."

"What?" Harry demanded, he couldn't believe what he was hearing, did Lockhart seriously say that he thought Harry admired and looked up to *him*?

"If you want, I could give you some tips on when you should do things to get yourself on the front page," Lockhart rattled off only to stop when the door opened and Mia was standing there.

"I don't think so," Mia snipped at him before she grabbed Harry by the sleeves and pulled him into the Greenhouse with her, shutting the door on a bewildered Lockhart.

"Classic," Harry told her and she shot him a grin as they moved closer near where the rest of the class were.

"Good morning Class," Professor Sprout greeted them.

"Good morning Professor Sprout," everyone greeted back and she smiled at him or her.

"Today, we are going to be re-potting mandrakes, who can tell me what the properties of Mandrakes?" Sprout called out and Hermione's hand shot up into the air, narrowly missing Mia, who jumped slightly.

"Mandrake or Mandragora is a powerful restorative. It is used to return people who have been transfigured or cursed to their original state," Hermione told them and Sprout nodded.

"Excellent, ten points to Gryffindor," Sprout told her. "Now, Mandrake forms an essential part of most antidotes. It is however dangerous, who can tell me why?" Hermione's hand shot up once more.

"The cry of the Mandrake is fatal to anyone who hears it," Hermione informed them and Sprout nodded.

"Another ten points," Sprout told her and lifted up her earmuffs, causing everyone else to do the same. "Now, the mandrakes we are re-potting are not fully mature, meaning their cries are not fatal,

however, they will knock you out for a good few hours so make sure your ears are fully covered,” she pulled the muffs on and everyone did the same. “Grasp your mandrake firmly,” she grasped the bottom of the lefts and yanked it out, showing a muddy and ugly baby like instead of roots.

Everyone watched in morbid fascination as the mandrake’s mouth opened and was letting out a yell that none of them could really hear as they watched Sprout place the mandrake into another pot and started pouring soil over it.

Neville felt his eyes roll into the back of his head before he fell down, causing Harry and Seamus to look in the middle then looked at Sprout.

“Hm, I see that Longbottom had neglected to wear his earmuffs,” Sprout stated and Seamus shook his head.

“No Professor, he just fainted,” Seamus explained and she looked at him before sighing.

“Just leave him there then, I’m sure he’ll wake up in his own good time,” she told them before clapping her hands. “Get a move on!”

Everyone reached forward and grasped a mandrake before pulling them out of the ground, and stared at them.

Draco smiled slightly as he reached forward and tickled the baby till his finger got caught in its mouth, causing him to fight for his finger. Soon he got it free, with an annoyed expression, he placed the mandrake into the pot and started putting soil over it.

Soon, the class was over and everyone made their way out of their class, tired. They had been in there for most of the morning and were quite hungry as they made their way over to the Great Hall.

“I wonder what is for lunch,” Ron muttered as he led the way in and made their way over to the house tables.

"I don't care, as long I eat something," Mia told him as she grabbed a jug and poured out some pumpkin juice for herself when the food appeared.

"It was a good class though," Hermione told them. "Though, Lockhart did write a good book on Mandrakes."

"Is there anything he hasn't written?" Harry muttered under his breath and got a glare in returned, telling him that Hermione had overheard what he had said. He sighed to himself as their lunchtime came to an end and understanding dawned on Mia.

"Oh shit, DADA," Mia moaned. "I forgot all about that class."

"It'll be great!" Hermione squealed. "Finally a teacher who knows what he is talking about."

"Oh bloody hell, where is Voldie when you need him to AK you?" Mia asked as she dropped her head into her arms on the table. Harry just reached over and patted Mia on the back while shooting a look at Draco, who rolled his eyes.

They made their way into the DADA class and settled themselves. Hermione was sitting in front with Susan Bones with Mia and Harry sitting behind her. Draco was sitting next to Goyle to Harry's right; second table back while Ron sat next Harry's right with Seamus.

Lockhart stepped out of his room and stood at the top of the stairs.

"Me," Lockhart started, waving his hands around the room, showing the various pictures he had of himself around the room. "Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, third class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defence League and five time winner of the Witch Weekly's Most-Charming-Smile award – but I don't talk about that. I didn't get rid of the Bandon banshee by smiling at her!"

Mia dropped her head into her table with a silent thud.

"Drown me, stab me, hang me; kill me please!" Mia chanted under her breath while Harry bit back his sniggers.

“You all have a test,” Lockhart announced, causing Mia’s head to jerk off the table.

“Already?” Mia demanded. “We’ve only just started this class!”

“It is to see how well you’ve read my books,” Lockhart soothed, sending her a smile before looking away, missing that Mia jabbed her index finger in her mouth, mouthing she wanted to gag. “Here you are.” He handed a bunch of parchments to Susan and Hermione, who both sighed up at him before giggling to each other and handed the rest of the parchments out.

Harry grabbed his and looked over the pages, his eyebrows rising, when he saw the questions.

“I don’t think they are to do with his books,” Harry muttered and Mia snorted.

“They’re all about him!” she muttered before she looked up and saw Lockhart tip the turner, signally that they all should get a start on it.

“No, no, no,” Lockhart moaned out. He had gathered the tests back in and was disappointed over the answers. “Rarely anybody got my favourite colour as Lilac!” Lockhart told them.

“Gay,” Mia hissed to Harry, who bit down on his tongue.

“Ah! But there is one person who got all the answers correct, Hermione Granger, where is she?” Lockhart called out and Hermione blushed as she raised her hands, causing Mia’s to drop her head into her hands.

“Oh god, why me?” she moaned out. She just had to get a female best friend that would fall for this idiotic prick’s charms and get all his answers correct.

“Clever girl,” Lockhart told Hermione with a wink before he turned back to the original topic of the class – Defence. He moved over to the table that was in front of the girls that had a cloth covered cage on top of it and tapped it hard. “Now, be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find

yourselves facing your worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I'm here. All I ask is that you remain calm."

The girls gasped as they looked toward Lockhart like he was their white knight on a horse ready to save them. Mia rolled her eyes and yawned before leaning to Harry.

"Wake me up when class finishes," Mia muttered to Harry she slumped back in her chair and closed her eyes, allowing herself to drop off to sleep.

Lockhart, oblivious to what was happening, yanked off the cloth and everyone looked to see Blue pixies rattling the cages. The girls let out little screams while the boys laughed slightly.

"Cornish Pixies?" Seamus asked and Lockhart looked at him.

"Yes," Lockhart told him.

"They're not dangerous," Seamus retorted and Lockhart shot him a smug look that said that he knew something that Seamus didn't.

"Don't be fooled for a minute, they can be dangerous when they want to be," Lockhart told them before he yanked open the cage. "Now defend yourself!"

The Pixies let out screeches as they flew out of the cages and started wrecking havoc, leaving everyone trying to get away from them.

"Relax everyone!" Lockhart shouted as he raised his wand. "Peskipikdi Pesternomi!" Lockhart shouted only for nothing to happen. A pixie grabbed his wand and brought it up to where the large skeleton dragon was hovering and used the wand to unlatch the metal hook, sending it crashing to the ground.

Mia shot up like a shot with her wand held firmly in her hand as she took in the sight only for her eyes to widen.

"What the hell!" Mia exclaimed before her hand rose up with her wand in it. "Impervious!" she shouted and the pixies stopped in mid-air. "Back to your cages!" she demanded and they formed themselves

into a line before they moved back into the cage. Mia flicked her wand and the door locked behind the last pixie.

"What did you just do?" Lockhart demanded and Mia glared at him.

"Just told them to go back into their cages," she told him before shoving her books back into her bags and standing up. "And if you don't mind, I'm going to head back up to the common room where it's safer...there is no idiotic teacher bumbling up there." With that, she left the classroom, leaving the women insulted and the men amused.

"Fun day," Ron muttered to Harry as he leaned in. Harry just covered his snickers as he watched the crest-fallen dumbfounded look on Lockhart's face. He couldn't believe that one girl hadn't fallen for his charms!

"Ah, no worries, I'm sure she was just worried about me making a fool out of myself so she decided to help me," Lockhart told everyone before flashing them a smile and had the girls swooning over him once more while Harry just stared at Lockhart.

"Shit, he just signed a death wish contract," Draco muttered before he buried his head under his arms, wishing to god that summer were here already.

Harry made his way up to the common room with Hermione ahead of him. She was talking with Susan about how wonderful Lockhart was and how rude Mia was to him. Harry just shook her head when he felt someone beside him and turned to see Ginny walking beside him.

"Oh, hey, Ginny is it?" Harry asked and Ginny blushed as she nodded.

"Yeah, how is it going?" she asked, shyly and Harry shrugged.

"So and so, considering it's only the first day," Harry told her and Ginny blushed even deeper. "How is your first day at Hogwarts?" Harry asked and Ginny shrugged.

"Not really used to it yet," Ginny admitted and Harry nodded.



“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll fit in soon enough. The school can be friendly when it want to be,” Harry told her and Ginny shot him a shy smile only to stop when Hermione walked over to them.

“Harry, do you need any help with your Herbology homework?” Hermione asked; her eyes narrowing slightly on Ginny and Harry looked at Hermione, confused by her actions.

“I thought you weren’t talking to me,” he asked, suspiciously, and Hermione laughed slightly as she shoved him.

“Oh Harry, you are so funny some times,” she told him before wrapping her arm around his and resting her head on his shoulder. Harry just shook his head. Girls really confused him sometimes.

Ginny just watched as Hermione led Harry away, still keeping her head on his shoulder and felt jealously burning up inside of her before she shook her head sadly and climbed into the common room herself.

Once they were in the common room, Hermione pulled herself away from Harry and glared at him before making her way up the girls’ dormitory, leaving Harry startled and confused. He looked around and his eyes landed on Mia, who was sitting at the small table at the back of the common room and made his way over to her.

“Hey Mia,” he greeted as he sat across from her; she looked up from her homework and smiled.

“Hey, how did the rest of the class go?” she asked and Harry made a face and told her everything that happened.

“He said what?” Mia demanded after Harry explained what Lockhart had done after she had left the classroom. “I’m gonna kill him!” she told him, shocked. “I’m gonna wrap my hands around that scrawny neck of his and squeeze the life out of him!”

“Before you go on your murder spree, maybe you can tell me what the heck is up with Hermione,” he told her and Mia looked at him. “She is acting all weird, one minute she refuses to talk to me, the next she’s all cuddly then the next she’s glaring at me!” Mia grinned. “I

know you girls tend to change your mind a lot but this is just ridiculous!”

“Were you talking to Ginny when Hermione was all cuddly?” Mia asked and Harry nodded. “She’s jealous of Ginny or shall I say, Ginny is jealous of Hermione.” She sighed at Harry’s puzzled look. “Ginny has a crush on you and Hermione knows it, she’s making it clear that she is staking you.”

“She doesn’t have the right,” Harry muttered and Mia arched an eyebrow. “Look, I like Hermione - she cute and all, but if she’s gonna go all high and mighty about how she’s allowed to fancy someone else but it’s hell for me to look at another girl, I’m not interested.” Harry stood up in frustration and stalked out of the Common Room, leaving Mia sitting back in her chair. She turned her head slightly and saw Hermione standing near the bottom of the stairs out of the corner of her eyes and nodded.

She was glad that Hermione heard it, maybe now she can see what she is at stake here.

“Are you gonna come out of there or what?” Mia asked and Hermione walked the rest of the way and looked at Mia with a sheepish grin.

“How did you know I was there?” Hermione asked and Mia grinned.

“I’m air remember, I can sense the change,” she reminded and Hermione smiled softly as she sat down across from Mia.

“He’s right, you know,” Hermione admitted and Mia looked at her. “I am not being fair.”

“Listen, I know you don’t want to hear this but I truly think Lockhart is a fraud and I don’t trust him. Harry isn’t jealous or anything like that, he just senses that there is not something right about Lockhart, but you girls are too involved with his charms and good looks that you are being misled,” Mia explained and Hermione pointed to the books.

“But he wrote the books,” Hermione pointed out and Mia sighed.

"That's my point, anyone can write books. It is very easy to get these details from another book and turn them into your own words," Mia told her and Hermione shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but unless you have proof that Lockhart is a fraud, I'm going to believe in him," Hermione explained and Mia nodded.

"And I accept that, but you need to stop taking it out on Harry. Yes, Ginny has a crush on Harry but as Harry Potter, the boy who lived. She doesn't know him therefore there won't be anything going on there but if you are not careful, you will lose your chance before you even get it," Mia warned before she packed up her bag and made her way up into the girls' dormitory, leaving Hermione alone.

Harry made his way around the school. It was after curfew, he couldn't sleep properly and decided to take a walk around the school, hoping that it would help him to sort out his thoughts in order for him to sleep properly.

"Don't you know how dangerous it is to be out alone after curfew?" a male voice asked and Harry grinned as he stopped in his tracks and looked off to his left where the shadows were.

"Couldn't sleep either?" he asked and Draco stepped into view.

"Like hell, I can't sleep knowing that fraud is in this castle," Draco informed Harry as they both started walking once more and Harry laughed in agreement.

"Tell me about it, Mia is ready to kill him," Harry told him and Draco smiled.

"No wonder, after the way how he told everyone what she did was for his benefit!" Draco told him. "So, how come you can't sleep?" Draco asked and Harry sighed. He told Draco everything that was going on with Hermione and what Mia had said. Draco shook his head.

"She's crazy," Draco muttered and Harry laughed slightly.

"And you're just figuring this out?" Harry asked with a shake of his head as they reached the crossroad.

“Night,” Draco told him.

“Night,” Harry replied back as they went their separate ways to their own beds.

Harry let out a sigh of satisfaction when he climbed into his bed and rested his head on the cool pillow. He fell into a deep sleep the second his head hit the pillow.

“Night,” Mia called out and Hermione sighed.

“Night,” Hermione called back and they both fell into deep sleep.

All four of them were unaware of what was happening in their own school at that moment.

## Chapter 5: Problems, Detentions and Secret.

Harry made his way out onto the Quidditch pitch with the rest of the team.

“This year we are going to be working harder. We’ll train harder and longer – so that means longer training times,” Wood, their captain, informed them.

“Or what?” A dark haired female asked. “Wood, we have exams this year, remember?” she demanded and Harry smiled up at Angelina.

“Yes, I know, but the Quidditch Cup is also important,” he informed them. Katie shook her head as they passed through the court when they saw the Slytherin team dressed up in their Quidditch outfits, also making their way over to the Quidditch pitch.

“Oh what now,” Wood muttered as he made his way over to the Slytherin. “What is this all about then?”

“Now, easy Wood. I have a note from Snape,” Flint told him as he handed Wood a roll of parchment and Wood took it.

“I, Severus Snape, give the Slytherin Permission to use the Quidditch Pitch to train their new Seeker,” Wood repeated before looking up. “You have a new seeker, who?” he asked.

Flint grinned as he hit one of his teammate and they moved over, letting the new seeker step through.

“Uh oh, I smell trouble,” Ron muttered from where he was sitting near the edge of the court before he got up and hurried over to where the two teams stood, facing each other. Hermione and Mia looked at each other before they also hurried over where they saw Draco stepping through the gap between the teammates, dressed in his Slytherin outfit.

“Malfoy?” Harry asked and Malfoy smirked.

“And that’s not all new this year,” Malfoy told them as he turned his broom and everyone looked at them as Ron, Mia and Hermione moved next to them.

“Those are Nimbus 2001, where did you get them?” Ron demanded.

“Draco’s father gave them us to,” Flint explained and Malfoy smirked at Harry while Hermione arched an eyebrow.

“At least no one in Gryffindor had to buy their way in,” Hermione remarked as Pansy moved closer to the teams and arched an eyebrow at Hermione. “They got in on pure talent.”

“No-one asked you, you filthy mudblood!” Pansy hissed only to choke when she found a hand wrapped around her neck. Her eyes almost bugged out of her head when she saw that the hand was attached to Harry Potter. His green eyes were lit up from the fire that was behind them.

“What did you say?” Harry asked. “Did anyone say you were allowed to speak to her, let alone use that filth of a word?” Pansy clawed at Harry’s hand but it wasn’t working, her nails were too short and Harry didn’t feel anything but the blinding rage that was raging through his veins.

“Hermione,” Mia whispered and Hermione looked at her. “You need to calm him down, he’ll only listen to you.” Hermione nodded as she moved forward, shrugging off Ron’s hand that tried to stop her.

She placed her hand on Harry’s arm.

“Harry,” she started and Harry turned to face her, his green eyes still blazing. “Let her go, it’s okay, she gets the message,” Hermione soothed.

Pansy felt the hand unclench before she dropped to the ground with a hard thud, gulping down air through her parched lungs while Harry’s eyes started to return back to their normal colour.

“It’s okay,” Hermione soothed, still holding onto Harry’s arm before he full regained his surrounding and looked around to see everyone watching him before he took in a deep breath.

“Let’s go and visit Hagrid,” Mia suggested and Harry nodded as they moved away from the others with Hermione holding onto Harry’s arm. Ron followed them a minute later, leaving two groups of stunned Quidditch teams behind him.

Pansy just narrowed her dark eyes at the retreating people and plotted how to get her revenge on them making her look like a fool.

They stopped outside Hagrid’s hut and Mia knocked on the door. The door opened, revealing Hagrid.

“Hello, wondering when you were going to come up and visit me,” Hagrid told them as he stepped to the side and let them through. He watched as Hermione led a shaken Harry over to one of the seats while Mia and Ron took up the end. Hagrid closed the door behind him and moved over to the last seat. “What happened?” he asked.

“Pansy Parkinson called me a name, Harry almost attacked her,” Hermione told him and Hagrid arched an eyebrow.

“What did she call you?” Hagrid asked and Hermione shook her head.

“I don’t know but I could tell it was horrible,” Hermione told him.

“It’s the most degrading name someone could call another,” a cold voice spoke up and everyone turned to look at Mia, who had her back turned to them, looking out of the window before she turned to face them. “Pansy called Hermione a mudblood.” Hagrid gasped in rage.

“She never!” Hagrid hissed and Mia nodded before she turned to her best friend. She had hoped to spare Hermione from this abuse but knew that the wizarding world would have never let it go unless they had abused all the muggleborns.

“Mudblood is a word that is very popular among pureblood – like Pansy. Purebloods believe they are better because their blood hasn’t been ‘tainted’. Mudblood is a name what they call muggle borns –

witches and wizards who are born into muggle parents,” Mia explained and Hermione’s face paled. “Now you know why Voldemort was the most feared wizard to walk on earth - he wanted rid of all muggle borns because he believed that magic should only be for the pureblood. It’s funny, the way purebloods are running out, they will have to marry their own family in order to keep it pure.”

“Not every pureblood believes this,” Hagrid assured Hermione. “The Weasley, the Longbottom, Dumbledore – there is a vast amount of people who likes muggle borns but for each one, there is more pureblood who rather keep it pure.”

“That’s horrible!” Hermione exclaimed. “But still doesn’t explain Harry’s reaction...”

“My mother was a muggle born,” Harry cut her off and Hermione looked at him. She had heard of Harry’s parents but not their inheritance – hearing that Harry’s mother was a muggle born was a shock. “Calling you a mudblood is disgracing my mum.”

“Harry’s father was the pureblood and Harry’s mum was the muggle born - Harry is a half blood,” Mia explained. “Same as my family – though mine is a little more complicated.”

“But Harry’s strong,” Ron pointed out and Hagrid shook his head.

“Genetics – Harry’s father was pretty good in some classes and Harry’s mother was excellent in all of her classes – it makes sense it would pass on to Harry. By the way, people who say that pureblood is more stronger and powerful needs to take a good look at their history. There are more records of half blood than pureblood – Merlin himself was a half blood.”

“Bloody hell,” Ron whispered.

“I wish I could go back in time and kill the person who started up this whole pureblood – mudblood war,” Harry muttered. “It caused nothing but trauma for people on the receiving end.”



“Muggle born witches are raped for just being a muggle born,” Mia told her and Hermione’s face paled. “That’s the kind of world we live in.”

“Jesus,” Hermione whispered and Hagrid shook his head.

“These day, I am ashamed of our world,” Hagrid admitted and Mia shook her head.

“I just don’t get where Pansy keeps popping up!” Mia exclaimed. “She was no-where near us then she just popped up.”

“Mia,” Hermione started and Mia looked at her. “Now is not the time to be wondering these things,” Hermione told her and Mia rolled her eyes.

“What are you kids doing up to this afternoon?” Hagrid asked and Mia shook her head.

“Nothing, I think. No classes,” Mia told him and Hagrid nodded.

“Then just stay in the common room. Strange things have been happening around here,” Hagrid told them and Harry arched an eyebrow.

“How do you mean?” Harry asked.

“Roosters have been killed off,” Hagrid explained. “I’ve been finding them dead – some animal has been getting into them and I don’t want you on the ground just encase they decide to go for something better than roosters,” he warned and Harry nodded.

“No problem,” Harry told them before he looked at his watch. “We better head off back up to the castle. I need to see if Quidditch training has been rearranged or if Wood has managed to make sure that we got it.”

Everyone nodded in agreement as they all stood up and made their way out of Hagrid’s hut. Hagrid opened the door for them and watched as they walked out.

"We'll catch you later Hagrid," Mia told him and Hagrid smiled as he waved to them. He couldn't help but admire Mia, she reminded him too much of Callie and while he was still loyal to Dumbledore, he could see that Sirius taking Harry away was good for him. Harry had grown into a remarkable young man and he could only hope that Dumbledore saw it soon...before it was too late.

Harry found out that from Katie that training had been rearranged to another time due to the Slytherin having a note from Snape. Katie sat down across from Harry. They were both in the Common room.

"Do you want to tell me what happened in the Court?" Katie asked and Harry looked up at her, startled before looking away. Katie reached out and touched Harry's shoulder. "I'm not judging you, I know what it's like to be called a mudblood but I've never seen anyone lose their temper like that before."

"I don't know what happened," Harry admitted as he looked up at Katie. "When I heard her call Hermione that name, I just...snapped." Katie nodded.

"I just wanted to let you know that none of us blame you for what happened with Pansy and we understand it," Katie told him and he nodded and she smiled gently. "Better hurry up and get ready, dinner will be soon." With that, she walked off, leaving Harry alone. Harry just smiled before he shook his head and hurried up the stairs.

Once he got changed into his normal clothes, he hurried out of the Common room and down the stairs to where Ron was waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

"Hey, what took you so long?" Ron asked and Harry smiled.

"Just got caught up to talking to someone," Harry told him and Ron nodded as they moved over to the Great Hall only to stop when they heard a female voice calling after them.

"Mr Potter, Mr Weasley, I have your detentions worked out," McGonagall told them and they turned to see her walking toward them. Both of them had forgotten that they were going to have detentions.

"Mr Weasley, you are working with Mr Filch, cleaning," Ron let out a small groan. "Mr Potter, you are helping Professor Lockhart answer his fan mail." "Oh what?" Harry demanded. "Can't I do the cleaning too?" McGonagall sent him a glare.

"No you can't, Professor Lockhart asked for you, specifically," McGonagall informed him. "Please meet them at the doors of the Great Hall after dinner tonight." With that, she walked off, leaving two desolated boys behind.

"Oh, this is just brilliant," Ron, muttered as he led the way into the great hall and Harry nodded.

"I have Lockhart for Detention, can it be any worse?" Harry asked as they moved over to their house table and sat down next to the girls.

"What's up with you two?" Hermione asked, concerned.

"We received our detentions," Ron explained. "I'm with Filch."

"I'm with Lockhart, answering his fan mail," Harry told them and Hermione looked at him, startled.

"I thought he answers his own fan mails," she told him and Mia sighed.

"I'm guessing he does, he tells Harry what to write and Harry writes it down," Mia told her and Hermione sighed.

"And what's more annoying, he requested me!" Harry explained and Mia arched an eyebrow.

"He really wants to be linked to you, doesn't he?" Mia asked and Harry shrugged.

"I don't know and I don't care, as long he doesn't keep me too late, I'll be happy," Harry muttered under her breath.

"I don't know," Hermione started, almost cautiously. "He does tend to get a lot of fan mail." Harry whined as he dropped his head onto the

table while Mia moved the plate out of the way in time before his head hit the table.

Hermione reached out and rubbed Harry's back, comfortingly.

"I'm sure it'll be okay," she told him before looking at Ron and Mia, not once convinced.

She had been watching Lockhart ever since Mia explained to her about Harry's actions and was slowly beginning to agree that they could be right. Lockhart rarely taught them anything in DADA due to his last class, and when she reread his books, she noticed that he rarely talked about how he managed to save the town, only the aftermath and his own glowing recognition.

"Yeah, I mean, Lockhart is an idiot, I'm sure it'll be fine," Ron agreed. Mia just kept her mouth shut, not once saying anything as she ate her dinner.

Harry, soon, brought his head off the table, grabbed his plate and started filling it up so he could eat something for the long night ahead of him.

Soon, dinner was over and they all made their way out of the great hall, where Filch and Lockhart were standing, waiting for their students.

"Come on Wesley, cleaning awaits," Filch growled and Ron blanched slightly before he followed Filch down to the trophy room while Harry walked over to Lockhart, who beamed at Harry.

"Harry, my boy!" Lockhart greeted. "Come on, I'll show you what to do when someone sends you a fan message and how to answer it correctly." With that, he led Harry off to his classroom with Hermione and Mia shaking their head in amusement before they headed up to their common room, hoping that the boys would last through the detentions.

Harry found himself in Lockhart's classroom hours later. He was sitting at Lockhart desk, at the side with a huge pile of closed enveloped to his left and a huge pile of blank parchments on his right

with a quill in his hand as he wrote down whatever Lockhart was saying.

Lockhart was scribbling his name over pictures of him on broomsticks, teaching the class, stopping a ghost or werewolves, much to the annoyance of Harry.

"I'm telling you Harry, all these people out there are amazing. When they send me fan letters, they tell me how much they look up to me and admire me, just like you," Lockhart told Harry, who rolled his eyes.

"Jesus," he muttered under his breath before his head snapped up when he heard something.

*Blood, kill, blood.*

"What was that?" Harry asked as he looked around. Lockhart looked up from the picture he was signing his autograph on and looked at Harry.

"Sorry?" Lockhart asked.

"That voice," Harry prompted. "There was a voice."

"I didn't hear anything," Lockhart told him before he looked at his watch. "Whoo, look at the time! Time certainly flies past when you're having fun, doesn't it!" Harry just looked at him; he didn't hear the voice? "I think it's time for you to head back to the common room, it is late," Lockhart told him and Harry nodded as he left the classroom and out of the class.

Lockhart turned back to his pictures before he looking around the room, a scared look on his face.

Harry was walking along the hallway when he heard the voice speak up again. Gasping, Harry spun around, looking in all directions of where the voice could have come from when all of a sudden a hand clamped down on his shoulder. The sudden action caused him to reach up and grab the hand, twisting before he spun around and saw that he was twisting Draco's hand.

“Oh god, sorry,” Harry told him as he let Draco’s hand go and Draco stood back up.

“What’s up with you? I haven’t seen you this spooked before,” Draco told him and Harry sighed as they both started walking up the stairs.

“I just heard a strange voice,” Harry told him and Draco looked at him.

“How do you mean?” Draco asked as they reached a door. Harry looked around before he reached out and waved his hand over the door, causing it to glow slightly before he grasped the door handle and opened the door.

Draco stepped through first before Harry stepped through and shut the door behind him and they moved over to the balcony of the castle and sat down as they watched the stars lighting up the night sky.

“It’s just weird, there’s this voice – it seems to be coming from all around the castle and it’s blood thirsty,” Harry explained and Draco sighed as he looked up at the stars.

“Do you miss home?” Draco asked and Harry laughed.

“The muggle world?” he asked and Draco nodded. “Yeah, I miss it. I miss sleeping in my own bed, I miss Rex, I miss the training and I miss being able to use my powers to my full extent,” Harry told him and Draco smirked.

“I bet you miss having Hermione in your arms as you sleep through the night,” Draco teased and Harry rolled his eyes.

They had a habit of having a sleepover every night in someone’s room and every time, Harry and Hermione found themselves wrapped up in each other’s arms, sleeping.

“At least I don’t snuggle into my pillow,” Harry shot back and Draco thumped him on the arm.

“It was the one time!” Draco shot back as Harry laughed and Draco shook his head as a smile lit up his face. “Home is great.” Harry smiled back as they concentrated on the stars above them, letting life

be peaceful while it could before Draco thought back to their earlier conversation and looked at Harry.

"You have to admit, it is kinda weird," Draco told him and Harry nodded in agreement.

"I know," Harry told him.

They both just looked at the sight in front of them, wondering what the future was going to hold now all these secrets were beginning to pile up on top of another.

## Chapter 6: Halloween and the Chamber of Secret.

It was now Halloween. Everyone was getting ready to get to the Great Hall for the Halloween feast.

Harry found himself sitting in the Common room on the couch in front of the fire as his green eyes stared at the fire, lost in thoughts. He couldn't stop thinking about the strange voice he heard during his detention with Lockhart. The rational part of him said to push it to the back of his mind, that it could have been a result of his tiredness. But his gut instincts told him that it's all connected somehow, and he had a feeling that things were going to get more confusing before they cleared themselves up.

Hermione made her way down the stairs, clutching a book to her chest when she caught sight of Harry sitting on the couch. She tilted her head slightly as she watched him before moving over to the back of the couch then rounded it and sat down next to Harry, taking in that he didn't seem to notice her.

She let the book rest on her lap before she reached out her left hand and touched Harry's shoulder, breaking him out of his thoughts.

Harry turned to face the person who broke him out of his thoughts and smiled when he saw Hermione's concerned gaze.

"Hey," he greeted and Hermione smiled back.

"Hey," she greeted back. "Are you okay? You were pretty lost in thoughts."

"I'm fine," he told her and she arched an eyebrow, causing him to laugh slightly. "I'm just thinking over a couple of things. I promise, if I get stuck with them, I will come to you," he told her and she nodded, satisfied as she settled herself into the couch and picked up her book. "How are you doing?" Harry asked and Hermione looked at him. "About the whole Lockhart thing?"

"I'm slowly getting there, I know there are a couple of things off about him but he did write all those books," she told him, sounding torn and



Harry nodded as he shifted onto his side so he could face her fully before he reached out and tucked back a strand of her hair.

"I understand. You spent nearly all summer with those books and they are all practically genuine so you believed it, only to come here and find that not everyone believes that he is the real deal," Harry explained. "It is hard to believe that someone could be something other than what you were told or read."

"Thanks," Hermione told him and he nodded, understanding what she was thanking him for before he sighed.

"Now, if you excuse me, I've got to go and finish off my detention with Lockhart, meet you outside the Great Hall?" he asked and she nodded before smiling as Harry stood up and left the Common Room.

Hermione sighed as she rested herself back into the couch and opened her book to where she had book-marked and started reading. She was unaware that a pair of determined brown eyes was staring at her from the stairs before they disappeared up the stairs.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck after he left Lockhart's room before bringing his hand down and rubbed the wrist of his right hand. His neck was aching after being held in one position for too long while his wrist was stabbing due to the pressure of writing far too much.

He sighed as he started to make his way down the hallway so he could meet up with Hermione outside the Great Hall when the raspy voice started up once more, causing him to stop in his track and look around.

"Rip – Tear – Kill," the voice hissed as it moved. Harry panicked as he started chasing after the voice, determined to catch it before it tried to kill anyone. He rounded the corner only to come to stop when he almost ran head into Hermione. He clutched her arms and saw that Ron and Mia were behind her.

"Are you alright, mate? You look like you just seen a ghost you never wanted to see again," Ron told him, concerned and Harry let out a deep breath that he didn't know that he had been holding in.

“Harry?” Hermione asked, concerned filling her voice as she looked into Harry’s eyes and Harry shook his head.

“I just keep hearing this voice,” Harry admitted and Mia frowned.

“How do you mean?” Mia asked.

“This voice, the first time I heard it, it was in my first detention with Lockhart. He said he never heard anything. I just heard it a few minutes ago. It’s keeps repeating the same words – Rip, Tear, Kill,” Harry explained.

Hermione opened her mouth to say something when Harry froze on the spot, his eyes darting over the walls.

“Rip, Tear, I smell blood, KILL!” the voice hissed once more and Harry let go of Hermione.

“There it is,” Harry, whispered before he ran off down the hall, leaving Mia, Hermione and Ron behind, wondering what was going on. They hurried after him only to come to a stop when they found Harry standing in the middle of a hallway. They moved closer and saw that there was a large puddle on the ground with red writing on the wall. The one thing that stuck out clearer was Mrs Norris.

“Oh my...” Hermione gasped as she covered her mouth as Harry moved closer to the cat. She was hung up by her tail and was extremely stiff

“What the hell happened here?” Ron demanded when they heard footsteps and talking surrounding them.

Soon the corridors were filled with students as they all stopped and saw what had grabbed Harry, Hermione, Mia and Ron’s attention.

“The Chamber Of Secrets has been opened. Enemies of the Heir, Beware,” Draco recited as the teachers pushed their way among the students. Filch also made their way only to stop when he saw his cat.

“Mrs. Norris?” Filch asked as he moved closer to his cat only to spin around and he caught sight of Harry. “YOU! You killed my cat!” he

shouted as he took a step toward Harry, only to stop when Dumbledore placed a hand on his shoulder.

Pansy moved closer to Draco and saw the writing before her head spun around and smirked when she caught sight of Hermione.

"You're next, Mudbloods," Pansy shouted and Hermione shot her a glare as the teachers looked at the cat. Mia moved in closer and peered at the cat.

"Hm, interesting," Mia stated.

"What?" Filch snapped and Mia turned to face him.

"Oh sorry, it's just, Mrs. Norris isn't dead, she's been petrified," Mia explained before looking at the writing on the wall. "Chamber of Secret, Chamber of Secret..." she mumbled under her breath, trying to remember where she had heard of it when she snapped her fingers. "Chamber of Secret!" she exclaimed before turning round to face Harry, Ron and Hermione. "The same chamber that had been opened fifty years ago?" she demanded.

"How do you know of that?" Dumbledore asked and she rolled her eyes.

"People need to read Hogwarts: A History," she informed them. "I know that it was opened fifty years ago and that the so-called culprit was captured and it closed down but that's the weird thing," she murmured.

"How do you mean?" Hermione asked and Mia looked at her.

"Because it was Salazar Slytherin who created the chamber just before he left Hogwarts. Only his heir that can open the chamber but he's dead!"

"Who?" Harry asked.

"Voldemort, that's who!" she exclaimed, causing everyone to stare at her. "From his mother side, he was the heir but he's dead so it can't

be him that opening the chamber of secrets which leave about three options.”

“Which are?” Ron asked.

“Well, Voldemort came back in his ghost form but doesn’t work as ghost can’t write or petrify anyone. Two, Someone is doing this as a joke to scare people but I don’t know any spells that can petrify anyone or anything, or three, someone has opened the chamber of secret by accident and doesn’t realise what’s going on,” Mia listed off.

“Where are you getting all this rubbish from?” Snape demanded as he glared hatefully at the young lady and she arched an eyebrow at him.

“And why should I answer you?” she shot at him. “I don’t deal with pitiful little boys who can’t deal with their own personal baggage.”

“Mia,” Harry groaned out while Hermione shook her head.

“Detentions,” Snape snipped and Mia shook her head.

“I was only telling the truth,” Mia shot at him and McGonagall stepped in between them, holding up her hands.

“Enough!” she snapped and they both looked at her. “Miss Black, you will serve Detention with me. Professor Snape, you know better than to rise to the bait like that, do not let me catch you doing it again.” Snape just scowled as he took a step back.

“Why do you think that Miss Black?” Dumbledore asked, referring to Mia’s statement of who had written the message on the wall.

“Because it’s the only thing that makes sense,” she shot at him.

“Maybe we should consider the possibilities that they had done it themselves,” Snape suggested and Mia rolled her eyes.

“Sorry, Harry, Hermione and are I not pureblood or Slytherin Heir. Ron isn’t the Slytherin heir and I don’t think any of us would waste our

time with writing that on the wall,” Mia explained and Snape rolled his eyes.

“And Harry was with me, finishing off his detentions,” Lockhart jumped in, causing Snape to scowl at him, annoyed that everyone seemed to have an answer to Potter’s whereabouts and actions.

“We’re gonna head off to bed,” Mia told them as she started to make her way down the hallway but was stopped by Dumbledore.

“I don’t think so Miss Black, we need answers,” Dumbledore informed them and Mia snorted.

“So you can twist them around and use them against dad to try and convince Harry to go to his pathetic excuse of relatives,” Mia asked before shaking her head. “You are already walking on very thin ice, do not try my temper.” With that, she walked off with Hermione wrapping an arm around Harry’s as they both walked off and Ron shrugged.

“She can be dangerous when she wants to be,” Ron stated to them before hurrying off. Most of the Gryffindor smirked before they hurried after the gang, leaving the rest behind.

Draco just shook his head and walked off, leaving them alone, savouring the moment he got to see Mia chew out Albus Dumbledore and Severus Snape. He was in 9th heaven and loving it.

“Only you could make Halloween interesting,” Mia told Harry as they stepped into the Common room and Ron laughed.

“Tell me about it,” Ron told her before shaking his head and his face turned solemnly as he looked at Harry. “What do you think is going on?” Ron asked and Harry shook his head as he slumped down on the couch. Hermione sat next to him, not once removing her arms from his.

“I don’t know. All I know that I’m hearing a voice that no one else seems to be hearing – either there is something really going on or I’m losing it,” Harry told them.

"I don't think you are losing it," Mia told him as she sat on the one of the chairs and Ron sat on the other one and nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, I mean, you were fine last year now all of a sudden you're hearing voices – I'm betting it's somewhat all connected together," Ron told them and Hermione nodded.

"Like the house-elf warning you against coming back to Hogwarts and the barrier being blocked," Hermione told him and he looked down at her.

"And I get the feeling that it's going to get worse before they get better," he admitted in a whisper. Hermione tilted her head in sympathy before she rested it on his shoulder, wishing that there was something she could do to help him and relieve this burden. She made a mental note to hit the library to get information as soon as she could.

"We all better head up to bed - it's getting late and I'm sure you'll want to miss the crowd," Mia told them and Harry nodded in agreement as they all stood up and made their way up to the dormitories.

Hermione, reluctantly, pulled herself away from Harry and made her way into the girls' room with Mia while Harry and Ron made their way up to the boys' room.

They both got ready for bed. Ron looked at Harry once they were in bed.

"How do you mean, going to get worse?" Ron asked, curious to Harry's feelings. Harry looked at Ron with an unreadable expression before looking up at the ceiling once more.

"I think that our lives just might be in danger once more," Harry admitted and Ron rolled his eyes.

"I think we all jinxed each other before the summer," Ron told Harry and Harry smiled as he remembered the train ride on the way home conversation when a snore filled up the room and Harry's grin grew

wider as he turned to see his best friend asleep before he took off his glasses and finally turned in himself.

TBC

## Chapter 7: Transfiguration, Library and Hospital Wing.

Harry yawned as he made his way to transfiguration class with Hermione. Mia had to meet up with a couple of people while Ron was still trying to grab as much food as he could.

"Up late last night?" Hermione asked and Harry looked at her through bleary eyes before shaking his head.

"Nah, just thoughts and dreams," he admitted. "My brain wouldn't stop working overtime."

"With everything that's been happening, I'm not surprised," Hermione told him as she wrapped her arm around his and Harry smiled down at her.

"I'm sure it'll go back to normal soon," Harry told her and she nodded.

"But now, you just need to face transfiguration," she told him and Harry hung his head.

"And you just had to go and ruin my mood," he told her and she giggled as she rested her head on his shoulder as they walked into the classroom. Harry took his normal seat but Hermione decided to sit next to Harry this time.

Professor McGonagall made her way around class, teaching them how to turn their pets into water goblets - not that Ron was doing a good job due to his broken wand.

"You need to replace that wand, Mr Weasley," McGonagall told him and Ron smiled sheepishly. Hermione's hand went into the air, attracting the attention of McGonagall.

"Yes, Miss Granger?" she asked.

"What can you tell us about the Chamber of Secrets?" Hermione asked as she brought down her hand. McGonagall looked around the room and saw that everyone was watching her before she let out a small sigh.



“As you all know that Hogwarts was founded a thousand year ago by four founders – Godric Gryffindor, Rowan Ravenclaw, Helga Hufflepuff and Salazar Slytherin. The three founders co – existed in harmony, and one did not. Salazar Slytherin wished to be more selective about whom to teach. He thought that magic teaching should be kept within the magical born with magical born parents – purebloods.” Pansy shot Hermione a smug look, causing Harry to glare at her and Pansy to quail before she looked away. “Of course, an argument caused Salazar Slytherin to leave, but not before he created a Chamber of Secret somewhere within the castle that only his heir would be able to open. Once the heir came back to Hogwarts, they would unleash the horrors within and purge the school of those who Salazar Slytherin deemed unworthy.”

“Muggle borns,” Hermione spoke up and McGonagall nodded.

“Of course, the castle has been searched many times and no one has ever found the Chamber of Secrets,” McGonagall told them.

“I’m not surprised,” Draco spoke up, causing everyone to look at him. “Well, Salazar Slytherin was a Parseltongue, was he not? So who to say that he didn’t create the chamber and made sure that it could be open by only using Parseltongue. The chamber could be anywhere and the only person who could open it is his heir,” Draco explained and McGonagall nodded, slightly shocked at what had just been revealed to her.

“Professor,” Hermione spoke up and everyone’s attention was attracted back to her. “Did the legend ever say what kind of creature that is being held?” Hermione asked and McGonagall cleared her throat slightly.

“A monster,” she told them, with a small quiver before she turned back to her lessons, leaving everyone sombre.

“Do you really think the legend of the Chamber of Secret is real?” Ron asked as he sat down at the table. They were in the library, set away from most of the students.

“Yeah, the book said that it opened 50 years ago,” Mia told him.

"And you saw how McGonagall was in class - she's worried. All the teachers are," Hermione, told them before she turned to face Mia. "By the way, I looked through Hogwarts a History and I didn't find any references to the Chamber of Secrets being opened - that it was just a myth," Hermione told her and Mia nodded.

"I thought that would happen. You see, dad got the actual version – the school Hogwarts a History actually took those pages out because they were scared that the students would create a panic," Mia explained and Hermione nodded in understanding. "I'll lend you my book when we head back home," Mia assured her and Hermione smiled while Harry sighed.

"There's has got to be a way to figure out who the Slytherin heir is," Harry muttered and Ron rolled his eyes as he looked at them.

"Let's think, who do we all know that hates Muggle borns?" Ron asked and Hermione shot him a look.

"If you're talking about Malfoy..." she started.

"Of course I'm talking about Malfoy!" Ron exclaimed. "I bet his dear old father had opened the chamber 50 years ago and told him all about it."

"Actually, you're wrong," Mia spoke up and they looked at her. "Do the math. Malfoy Senior went to school with mine and Harry's parents, that were less than 50 years ago and it can't be Malfoy's Grandfather because that would be more than 50 years ago. We're looking for someone who is older than Malfoy senior but younger than the grandfather so it can't be anyone from the Malfoy's line," Mia explained and Hermione nodded in agreement.

"She's right, beside, I don't think Malfoy is the Slytherin's heir because that's the only one who can open the chamber. Malfoy would be bragging about it all over the place if he was and Voldemort was the only who that we know of was the Slytherin's heir but he's dead," Hermione agreed.

"Where do you get all this information from?" Ron demanded.

“Books,” Mia and Hermione informed him as one while Harry leaned back in his chair and watched the scene with amusement.

“But we still have to have some idea, I mean, don’t you think Malfoy would know who is the Slytherin heir?” Ron asked.

Harry, Hermione and Mia looked at each other - they wanted to deny it but they couldn’t because Ron didn’t know the whole truth, which put them in a bit of a bind.

“Maybe there is,” Hermione told them and they looked at her. “But it means going against a lot of rules.”

“And how many rules have we followed since we arrived here?” Mia asked and Hermione smiled, sheepishly before she got up and led the way into the back of the library.

“The book I need is in the restricted Library and you need a teacher’s permission to get it,” Hermione explained and Ron scoffed.

“They have to be incredible thick to let you have the book,” Ron told them. Harry and Mia shared a look and two identical grins appeared on their faces.

“What?” Hermione asked, instantly worried about the look on their faces.

“We know someone who can sign the permission slip to get the book,” Harry told her and Hermione’s face lit up with excitement while Ron just looked at Harry, bewildered to who could sign the book.

“No,” Hermione stated and Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes. They were both standing outside of a closed door.

“Hermione, he would do it for you. You’re his favourite student,” Harry assured her – he made sure that Ron and Mia were staying in the library because he knew that they would put pressure on her. Harry knew that he needed to smooth the way for Hermione to accept it.

“Harry, it’s lying!” Hermione hissed, her brown eyes wide and Harry placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Hermione, you said it yourself that you need a teacher's permission to get the book and you know that no other teacher would give us permission except Lockhart, you're his favourite student - he'll do anything for you!"

Hermione huffed as she crossed her arms and looked away from Harry, causing Harry to lift her chin and bring her face around so they both could look in to each other eyes. "You can do it. I'll be right by your side the whole way," he promised.

"Harry..." she started.

"I'll buy you any books you want for Christmas," he bribed and she glowered at him before hitting his chest.

"I hate you!" she hissed and he smiled.

"You love me, so come on!" he told her and she sighed as she knocked on the door before she opened it and they both saw Lockhart sitting at his desk.

He looked up and smiled brightly when he saw Hermione and Harry standing the doorway.

"Come on in!" he called out, jollily. Harry gritted his teeth as he wrapped his hand around Hermione's elbow and led her toward the desk.

"Hi Professor Lockhart, Hermione has something she wants to ask you," Harry told him and Lockhart nodded.

"I was wondering if you could sign this permission form for me, I just read one of your books and I wish to get more information on it," Hermione told him and Lockhart smiled brightly.

"Of course I can! Anything to help my students understand my work," Lockhart told her as he took the form out of her hand and took out an extremely large feather quill. "It is rather nice, isn't it?" Lockhart asked, mistaking Harry's disgust for impressed.

“Yeah,” Harry remarked, sarcastically and Hermione looked up at him, smiling slightly before she turned back and Lockhart handed her the form back complete with his loopy signature.

“Thank you, Professor Lockhart,” Hermione told him and he smiled brightly at her before Harry looped his hand around her elbow and they both walked out of the classroom with Hermione shutting the door behind them.

“Oh god, what an idiot!” Harry muttered under his breath.

“Harry,” Hermione admonished and Harry looked at her, wide eyes.

“Hermione, he didn’t even look at the form!” Harry exclaimed and Hermione rolled her eyes, unwilling to agree with him but a small part of her couldn’t help but agree.

“Let’s get back to the library and get the book,” Hermione told him and he nodded in agreement as they hurried back to the library.

Hermione reached Madam Pince first and she handed the note to her. Madam Pince took the note and eyed it.

“Moste Potente Potions?” she asked and Hermione smiled at her.

“Just trying to get a good idea on what potions we could be taught – the NEWTS are not that far off,” Hermione told her and Harry rolled his eyes under disguise that he was being dragged along for the ride.

Madam Pince lifted the note into the air as if she was trying to determine forgery but reluctantly accepted that it wasn’t and headed into the restricted section to get the book.

She came back out with an old book and handed it to Hermione, who took it gently and carefully before they moved away from the counter and back over to the table they occupied and saw that Ron and Mia was sitting in their usual seats.

“So, who did you get to sign the note?” Ron asked. “Miss Cat, I ate the Cream, wouldn’t tell me,” Ron motioned toward Mia, who was lounging in her seat.

“Lockhart,” Harry told him and Ron arched an eyebrow.

“Are you telling me he signed the note?” Ron asked and Hermione raised the book. “Did he even look at the note?”

“Nope,” Harry replied with a grin. Ron was about to open his mouth when he caught sight of Hermione’s dangerous glare and quailed under it, returning back to his seat.

“So, what do you have in mind?” Ron asked as Harry and Hermione took their seats.

“The Polyjuice Potion but it is quite difficult to make – the ingredients are not exactly something you can take out of the student cupboard and most of them need to be collected on certain times,” Hermione told him.

“Whoa, wait a minute, Polyjuice Potion?” Ron asked.

“It gives you the ability to change into someone else but only for an hour,” Mia explained and Ron winced. “How long does it take to make?”

“A month,” Hermione told her and Harry looked at her.

“Hermione, whoever is doing it – they could attack half of the muggle borns in that time!” Harry told her and she shrugged. They knew that Draco is their friend and not the heir of Slytherin but they couldn’t help but wonder if the heir was in Slytherin and maybe they would open up to them if they were under the disguise as Slytherin.

“It’s the only plan we’ve got,” Hermione, told them and they all sighed as they looked down at the book that was open in Hermione’s hands.

Harry found himself in the Gryffindor meeting room for Quidditch; he was dressed in his Quidditch outfit and he followed everyone out onto the pitch.

“Everyone keep your eyes peeled, we’re playing Slytherin and god knows what they’ll do just to win the game,” Wood warned them and

they all nodded as they mounted their brooms and flew off into the air to start the game.

Harry looked around before he spotted Lucius Malfoy sitting in the stands with the teachers before he turned and arched an eyebrow to Draco, who just shot a sarcastic grin in reply, causing Harry to roll his eyes as he got the message loud and clear.

Lucius Malfoy was here to keep an eye on his son and to make sure that the Slytherin won the games like they had been doing for the last century or so – by bending the rules.

“Same as before, I want a nice clean game!” Madam Hooch shouted from where she was standing below the teams before she kicked the side of the box – causing the snitch to jump out before circling itself around the seeker’s heads then disappeared.

“The Snitch has been released!” Jordan Lee shouted from where he was sitting in the teacher’s stand – commenting on the games. “Now the two bludgers.” The two dangerous balls shot up into the air before circling around the pitch while Madam Hooch picked up the quaffle.

“On my count!” she threw the quaffle into the air as hard as she could before blowing her whistle. Everyone scattered away like mad to grab the quaffle while Harry looked around to find the snitch only to catch a bludger heading his way before he ducked down as it passed him. He brought his head up only to see Draco staring at him, questioningly.

Harry decided to fly around till he spotted the snitch only for him to see a bludger heading for him again. A pair of beaters came out of nowhere and shot the bludger off in the other direction and he turned to see one of the twins next to him.

“You alright, Harry?” George asked and Harry nodded.

“Yeah, what the hell is going on?” Harry asked and George shook his head.

“I don’t have a clue,” George told him as the Bludger headed back toward them with a vengeance only for another pair of beaters to get in the way and hit it hard with it’s bat.

“That should do it!” Fred shouted, but he was wrong as the Bludger halted in mid-air before spinning around and headed toward the trio.

Both beaters shot up and hit the ball as hard as they could but it was pointless, the bludger wasn’t going to give up.

“This is bad,” Fred gritted out while George motioned to Wood like mad, trying somehow to get the game on hold so they could figure out what was going on.

Wood, fortunately, got the message and called out a time out to Madam Hooch, who blew her whistle, bringing the game to a temporary halt.

“What’s going on?” Wood demanded as everyone neared him.

“The Bludger is going crazy, it’s fixated on Harry and nothing is distracting it,” George explained.

“Are you saying it was tampered with?” Katie demanded and Harry lifted up his hands.

“We have a game to play – Fred, George, keep with the chasers, leave the bludger to me – I survived Voldemort, there is no way in hell I’m letting a Bludger take me out,” Harry told them and Wood sighed while Fred looked at Harry incredulously before looking at Wood.

“This is your fault! You told Harry to get the snitch or die trying! What the hell do you think Hermione is going to do to us when she finds out?” Fred asked and Harry grinned at the sight of grown teenagers terrified of a twelve-year-old girl.

“Trust me, I’ll keep her away from you all, beside, how will she know if no one tells her,” he reminded and they all nodded before heading back up into the air to resume playing the game.

Madam Hooch blew her whistle once more and the game started up with the Bludger heading toward Harry even harder than before. Harry ducked down as the Bludger passed his head and headed straight into the sky as Wood came near Harry.



“Watch yourself Harry,” Wood called out and Harry looked up to see the Bludger heading toward back to Harry but Wood was in the line of direction.

“WOOD! WATCH OUT!” Harry shouted and Wood turned his head around only to for the Bludger to smash into the Wood’s broom and sent him spiralling out of control as Harry shot away from the bludger, causing it to follow him.

He weaved himself in and out of the stands but the bludger didn’t just follow him, it slammed its way through the stands, shattering some of the structures. Harry looked behind him only to get startled when people shouted his name.

“HARRY, LOOK OUT!” Harry spun around only to see that he was heading for the teacher’s stands and twisted his broom so it went upward, skimming past the stand only for the Bludger to head straight over the teachers’ heads, causing them to duck down.

“Harry Potter, wait till I get my hands on you,” McGonagall muttered as she straightened herself up and Harry ducked down onto the ground.

“Potter, what on earth are you doing?” Malfoy snapped only for the both of them to see the snitch and they chased after it. Problem was, the Bludger had found Harry again and was also chasing after them.

“It’s like follow the leader isn’t it?” Mia commented as she watched the scene while Hermione covered her face, trying to bite back her hysterical giggles – she was hysterical over Harry being in danger once more while giggling due to Mia’s comment.

Harry and Draco followed the snitch down in between the stands and the pitch as they weaved between the structures while the bludgers smashed it’s way through them.

“Bloody hell Harry, what is it with you being in danger every time you play the frigging Quidditch?” Draco demanded and Harry couldn’t help but laugh at the situation.

“Hey, game of Quidditch isn’t completed unless I have some danger chasing after me,” Harry told him and Draco rolled his eyes only for them both to turn and saw that Colin Creevy was standing on one of the structures with his camera in his hands.

He took a picture of them both before they ducked down underneath him only to Colin’s eyes to widen when he saw the Bludger heading his head and he ducked down.

“Merlin, Harry this isn’t a good idea anymore,” Draco called out to Harry, who also nodded. The Bludger was determined to get its target and it wasn’t caring who got in the way. Thankfully, the Snitch shot upward back up onto the pitch, causing the both to shot up only for the bludger to shoot up and passed through Draco’s way, causing him to veer off course before he crashed landed into the pitch.

Harry looked over his shoulder, worried for Draco till he saw that Draco was all right before pushing his broom faster to catch up with the snitch.

Lucius Malfoy just sneered when he watched this before sitting back in his seat before watching the rest of the scene in front of him.

Hagrid was watching the Bludger through his binoculars before bringing it down and jabbing his index finger toward the bludger.

“That’s a rogue bludger, someone has tampered with that!” Hagrid roared.

“I’ll take care of it,” Ron informed as he pulled out his wand and pointed it at Harry only for Hermione to yank his arm down.

“NO!” she exclaimed. “Even with a normal wand, it’s too risky.” She looked at Harry with fear clear in her eyes. “You could hit Harry.”

“I want to know how the bludger can be tampered with. Madam Hooch always checks the trunk before the game starts,” Mia told them.

“So someone either switched them during the time between Madam Hooch checking them out and before the match starts,” Ron told them.

"Which is not very long," Hermione reminded and Ron nodded as he turned back to the game.

Harry had his right arm outstretched as he strained to reach the snitch when all of a sudden something hard and fast slammed into his arm, shattering the bones and sending huge amount of pain throughout his body.

Hermione gasped as Harry's arm slammed into his chest and saw him wince before he outstretched his left arm and grabbed the snitch before he fell off the broom and landed hard on the sandy ground.

Everyone cheered when Harry brought up his left hand, revealing the snitch in his hand only for his head snapped up when he heard a whooshing sound to see the rogue bludger heading straight for him, causing him to roll sideways before it hit the sand then bounced straight up back into the air before coming down.

Harry pushed himself up and the bludger missed him by hitting the sand between his legs before bouncing back into the air, intending to take another hit when all of a sudden a red light shot over his head, hitting the bludger and smashing it to pieces.

Harry felt his eyes roll up into the back of his head as darkness claimed him.

Soon, Harry's vision came back to him, slowly, and he found himself staring into bright blue eyes and a golden mane around the eyes till realisation hit him like a ton of bricks.

"Oh no, not *you*!" Harry moaned when he saw Lockhart come into view.

"The boy's confused, he doesn't know what's he saying," Lockhart shouted to everyone who started to circle Harry. He looked back down at Harry.

"Harry! Are you okay?" Hermione exclaimed as she pushed her way closer to Harry and knelt down beside him.

I think my arm is broken,” Harry admitted as he held his right arm in his left hand and Lockhart’s eyes lit up.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have it fixed in a jiffy!” Lockhart stated as he pushed up his sleeves.

“No, it’s fine, seriously, I want Madam Pomfrey to have a look at it,” Harry protested but Lockhart took no notice as he waved his wand about.

“Brackium Emendo!” he shouted.

“NO!” Mia shouted as she pushed her way through the crowd only to see a bright light hit Harry’s arm. Everyone turned to face her. “It’s Brackium Amendo!” she protested. “Emendo means take away, Amendo means heal!”

“It’s fine!” Lockhart protested as he reached out and took Harry’s right arm only for it to flop. He hadn’t fixed Harry’s arm, he had removed the bones from it.

Harry felt the world tilt on its axis as he looked at his now deboned arm.

“Oh...” Hermione trailed off and Mia threw up her hands.

“No one ever listens to the girl, they are all convinced they’re right and I’m wrong,” she stated as she stalked off. “God, this school is totally going to the dogs with all the crappy DADA teachers.”

“She doesn’t mince words does she?” Ron asked and Harry’s eyes nearly rolled up into the back of his head.

“Will someone *please* take me to the Hospital Wing!” he demanded and everyone started fussing over him again.

“Whoa!” Hagrid’s loud voice cut through air and stopped everyone’s fussing. “Give Harry some breathing space,” he informed them and everyone took a step back from Harry, who smiled in relief up at Hagrid before Hagrid bent down and lifted Harry into his arms like he

was light as a feather before making his way up to the castle with the school following him.

Harry found himself lying on the hospital bed, the same one he keeps occupying he noticed, with the team, Ron, most of his housemates, and Hermione surrounding his bed. Madam Pomfrey was less than please when she had heard what happened to her patient thanks to a teacher who thought he was medically insured to go around healing people.

"You should have come to me first, I can fix bones in a jiffy but re-growing them..." she trailed off as she moved closer to Harry.

"You will be able to, right?" Harry almost pleaded with a desperate look in his green eyes and she nodded.

"Yes but it's a painful process," she warned him as she handed him a goblet, which he took. He took a drink only to spit it back out again. "Honestly, what did you expect? Pumpkin juice?" Pomfrey demanded as she took the goblet and filled it back up again and gave it back to Harry, who grimaced at the sight.

He took the goblet and gulped the liquid down in two gulps before turning his face away and sticking out his tongue in disgust.

"I can only hope I never have to drink that again," he muttered.

"Stay away from teachers who think they are doctors," Madam Pomfrey informed him before walking away and he stared after her in a stunned shock.

"Did she just imply that I *wanted* Lockhart to debone my arm?" he demanded.

"It was a honest mistake," Hermione defended and Wood looked at Hermione, incredulous.

"Mia knew the correct mending spell and she's only a second year!" Wood exclaimed.

Hermione just mouthed wordless at Wood, causing Harry to grin.

“Man, where’s Colin when you need him? A speechless Hermione Jane Granger, Mia is going to kick herself when she finds out that she missed this,” Harry informed only for everyone to jump as a huge crack and a bright light enveloped them and they turned to see Colin standing there with his camera in his hands.

“Someone call for me?” he piped up and the twins smiled.

“Ah Colin,” Fred started.

“How wonderful it is to see you,” George added.

“We were just wondering,” Fred interjected.

“Just how much would you be willing to sell that...”

“Delightful,”

“Priceless,”

“Blackmail worth picture to us for?” Fred finished off and Colin grinned.

“Let me get it developed and handed over to Harry to check over then we’ll talk price,” Colin informed them before rushing out of the hospital wing with Ron shaking his head.

“And I thought Hermione was mental,” he muttered.

“Oi!” a female voice snapped from outside the hallway.

“Sorry Mia, gotta rush off,” Colin’s squeaky voice called back and Mia walked into the Hospital wing, rubbing her side.

“What on earth did you do to that poor boy?” she demanded.

“Nothing!” everyone replied and she arched an eyebrow, causing Harry to grin once more.

“Never could get anything past her,” Harry stated fondly. “Wood had rendered Hermione speechless, Colin took a picture and is now off to

develop it,” Harry explained and Mia looked at Hermione before looking at Wood then looked at Harry.

“And I missed it?” she demanded before shaking her head and pinned Wood a look. “How on earth did you make her speechless?” Mia asked and Dean grinned.

“Told Hermione that you knew the correct mending spell better than Lockhart and you’re only a second year,” Dean explained and Mia shrugged.

“What can I say? I’m not a fraud like that idiot!” Mia informed.

“He’s not an idiot!” The entire female snapped together as one, causing her to look at them, shocked before a determined look crossed over her face.

“Fine, I bet at the end of the year that Harry will uncover Lockhart as the fraud he is,” Mia informed them.

“With what?” Hermione asked.

“If Harry proves that Lockhart is the real deal, then I will streak naked in the Great Hall at the end of Term, if Harry proves that Lockhart is a complete and utter fraud that I think he is, then we’ll have a little discussion of what your terms will be,” Mia told them, causing Harry to stare at her in a shock.

“Oi! Why are you bringing me into this?” Harry asked but got a wave of Mia’s hand in his direction while she stared at the girls.

“Well, do we have a deal or what?” she asked.

“Deal!” Katie jumped in and Mia nodded.

“Let’s rock and roll,” Mia told them before looking at Harry, leaving the magical born students confused. “You have till the end of term to prove that either I’m right about Lockhart or the rest of the girls are.”

“Sure, lay it all on me, as if I don’t have enough problems of my own,” Harry muttered under his breath while laying back, wondering how the hell was he supposed to uncover Lockhart!

“What are you all doing?” a loud female voice snapped through the air and everyone jumped and turned to see Madam Pomfrey standing there. “This boy needs peace and rest, not students hanging around him. Out!” she shooed and everyone rushed out, leaving Harry alone in his bed, shaking his head.

Draco snuck his way down the hallway, blending into the shadows whenever he heard someone walking pass before he finally reached the Hospital Wing. He moved over to the door and slowly opened it before sliding his body through the gap and shut it slowly and made his way over to Harry’s bed.

“Hey,” Draco greeted and Harry looked up from the book he was currently holding in his left hand and he smiled.

“Hey, I was wondering how long it would take for you to come up. How much of an ear lashing did you get from your father?” Harry asked and Draco rolled his eyes.

“The painful type,” Draco told him and Harry shook his head. “What the hell was up the bludger? I have never seen it go after one person like that before.”

“Mia and Hermione thinks it was tampered,” Harry told him and Draco shook his head.

“Forget the Slytherin, they weren’t anywhere near the box – Madam Hooch had some sort of protective shield on the box that none of them could break,” Draco told him and Harry nodded.

“I had a feeling it would be that,” Harry told them. “So it means it’ll all connected somehow,” Harry told Draco and Draco nodded.

“Hey, what’s with the potion? Mia keeps telling me to watch out,” Draco told him and Harry laughed.



“Sorry, Hermione, Ron, Mia and I are going to be under the Polyjuice Potion in order to get information from you about who could possibly be the Heir of Slytherin – just go along with it. It’ll get Ron off your back,” Harry informed him and Draco nodded.

“Thanks for the heads up,” Draco told him and Harry smirked.

“Did you hear?” Harry asked and Draco looked at him. “Mia made a frigging bet with the rest of the girls and placed me smack bang in the middle.”

“What bet?” Draco asked and Harry rolled his eyes.

“To uncover Lockhart for the fraud he is,” he informed him and Draco arched an eyebrow.

“How are you suppose to do that and what does the bet entail?” he asked.

“I don’t know; I have till the end of term to do so. If I uncover Lockhart for the fraud he is, then the rest of the girls have to do something on Mia’s bidding. If I prove Lockhart to be the real deal, Mia is to streak naked in the great hall at the end of term.”

“Fucking hell,” Draco uttered, staring at Harry in shock and Harry nodded.

“Amen to that,” Harry replied.

“I’m not telling Uncle Sirius, she can do that all by herself,” Draco muttered and Harry agreed.

“But we both know he is fake, so how the hell can I prove that he is a fake?” Harry asked and Draco shrugged.

“I haven’t got a clue but I’m gonna wish you good luck because I don’t want to be on Mia’s bad side if it turns out that he is a real deal,” Draco informed and Harry shot him a sceptical look.

“Do you honestly think Lockhart is a real deal?” he asked. “I mean, look how he ‘captured’ the werewolf. We’re only second years and we

know how to capture a werewolf properly,” Harry told him and Draco nodded.

“Makes you wonder where he got these ideas from, Uncle Sirius knew how to do it because of his friend, it’s not like you come into contact with werewolves all the time and I hardly think they will be forthcoming about how to capture them,” Draco told him and Harry sighed.

“More pressure for me,” Harry muttered.

“Should be fun though,” Draco told him, cheekily and Harry looked at him. “You have an excuse to spy on a teacher.” Harry laughed.

“Oh yeah, I bet that’s what Dumbledore gave me my father’s invisibility cloak for,” Harry told him and Draco laughed harder only to cover his hand over his mouth when they heard a small clatter and Draco rolled his eyes.

“Look, I gotta go before someone catches me out here. Catch you in class tomorrow if you’re allowed out,” Draco told him and Harry nodded as Draco snuck out of the Hospital Wing.

Harry turned on the bed only to feel something at the foot of his bed. Startled, his head snapped up and his wand was held firmly in his left hand, pointing at the intruder.

He saw that Dobby, the house-elf from his house that summer, was standing at the bottom of the bed.

“What are you doing here?” Harry demanded.

“Dobby came back to tell you that Harry Potter must leave,” Dobby told him and Harry sighed.

“I can’t!” Harry exclaimed.

“Harry Potter must, Harry Potter is in great danger!” Dobby squealed and Harry got off the bed.

“What are you talking about?” Harry demanded.

“Harry Potter must leave, before the danger be repeated!” Dobby warned him and understanding dawned on Harry.

“Repeated? You mean the Chamber of Secrets?” Harry asked as he clutched the front of Dobby’s pillow sheet.

“Dobby can’t tell,” Dobby told him. “Harry Potter must leave Hogwarts!”

“I can’t leave Hogwarts!” Harry hissed. “Hermione is a muggle born and she is my best friend, I’m not leaving her alone to deal with whatever that is attacking muggle borns!”

“Oh Harry Potter, the most greatest saviour there is,” Dobby whimpered. “But it does not change the situation, you are in great danger. You must leave!”

“I’m not leaving!” Harry hissed when there was a thumping noise, causing them both to look over toward the door before Dobby snapped his fingers and disappeared before Harry turned on his side, making sure his back was facing the doors as voices grew closer.

“What happened?” Madam Pomfrey demanded.

“It’s Colin Creevy,” McGonagall’s voice cut through the room.

“We think he has been attacked,” Dumbledore’s voice added in.

“A victim?” Madam Pomfrey asked and Dumbledore nodded.

“Yes, I believe he was trying to sneak up to see Harry Potter, he had a bag of grapes next to him, when he was attacked,” Dumbledore told her and McGonagall sighed.

“He has his camera on him, do you think he took a picture of his attacker?” McGonagall asked and Dumbledore eased to the camera out of Colin’s stiff hands before he opened the back of the camera only for a flash of smoke to shoot out of the camera and McGonagall gasped.

“What does this mean, Albus?” McGonagall asked.

"It means the Chamber of Secret has indeed been opened once again," Dumbledore told her.

Harry's eyes just widen from where he was lying.

TBC

## Chapter 8: Christmas, Duelling and Answers

“So, Dobby knows who opened the chambers the last time?” Hermione asked from where she was sitting on the floor in front of a small cauldron as she put certain ingredients into the smoking potions. Harry nodded from where he was sitting next to her.

All four of them found themselves in the second floor girl bathroom.

“Yeah and he seems really desperate for me to leave Hogwarts,” Harry told her and Hermione frowned, puzzled over the latest news she had received.

“While you’re on that topic, maybe you could clear up something for me,” Ron interrupted and they looked at him. He was leaning against the toilet stall. “Why are on earth are you creating a potion, in the girls’ bathroom, in broad daylight when anyone could just walk in?”

“No one uses the toilet,” Hermione told him and Mia smirked to herself from where she was sitting on the counter.

“Why?” Harry, curious to know, asked. Mia and Hermione were the only ones who chose the location because the boys didn’t have a clue where they could create the potion.

“Because of Moaning Myrtle,” Hermione told them.

“Who?” Ron asked and Harry turned to look at Ron only for his eyes to widen and Hermione to sit up straighter.

“Moaning Myrtle,” she repeated, greeting the ghost this time.

“Who’s Moaning Myrtle?” Ron asked only for the ghost to shove her face into his, causing him to bump into the stall.

“I’m Moaning Myrtle!” she informed him. “Not that I expect you would ever know me, I mean, who would ever talk about poor, ugly, spotty Moaning Myrtle,” she finished off with a shrill before she screamed and threw herself into the nearest toilet, causing water to spray up while Mia made her way over to stand near Hermione, who smiled sheepishly when Harry and Ron looked at her.

“She’s a little sensitive,” Hermione explained and both boys just arched an eyebrow.

“A bit of an understatement,” Mia told her and Hermione laughed as she finished putting the rest of the potion ingredients in the cauldron and gave it a stir.

She stood up.

“It’ll take a little longer before it’s ready, I just need to check on it every now and then to make sure it’s simmering properly,” Hermione told them as she picked up her bag and cloak. Harry got up as well.

“Are you sure it’s safe to keep this here?” Harry asked and Hermione nodded.

“Yeah, I put a concealing charm on it so that anyone who does walk in here won’t see it,” Hermione explained.

“Great, let’s head to the Common Room, apparently there’s something major going on today,” Ron told them and they all left the girls’ toilet after looking around to make sure that there was no one around to spot them.

“I can’t believe it’s not long till Christmas,” Mia told them and Harry agreed.

“Are we heading back home for Christmas or are we staying here?” Harry asked.

“I think the potion will be done by Christmas,” Hermione told them.

“Dad is planning on doing something this Christmas so we can’t go home,” Mia told him and Harry looked at Mia, puzzled to what Sirius could be doing.

“What is he doing? Because I hope he is not planning on getting himself caught or anything like that,” Harry told her and Mia laughed.

“Nah, you know dad – it’s about the summer – we’re getting more training so he needs to get some stuff for it,” Mia explained.

“Wonder what we will be learning over the summer,” Harry said to them as they made their way into the common room, only to see a bunch of students hanging around the notice board.

“Told you that there was something major going on,” Ron told them as they made their way over to the notice board and saw that Dumbledore had allowed for someone to start up the duelling club in Great Hall so that students could be taught the rules of duelling.

“Duelling club!” Hermione squealed and Harry smiled. “I wonder if Professor Flitwick is going to take over, he was a master duellist in his time.”

“I’ll guess we’ll find out when we head to the duel lessons,” Harry told her and Mia frowned.

“I hope they will actually teach us something useful,” Mia told them and Ron shrugged.

“Gotta be, otherwise Dumbledore wouldn’t allow them to set it up,” Ron told them.

“So, we’re all in?” Mia asked and got nods in reply.

“When’s the first lesson?” Hermione asked as she peered at the board and Harry leaned in so that their faces were practically together as he looked before he lifted a hand and pointed his index finger to the date and time.

“There you go,” Harry told her and she smiled as they both looked at each other before they got lost in each others eyes, causing Ron to lean in.

“Wanna make a bet on when they’ll get together?” Ron asked and Mia grinned as she lifted up her hand and Ron slapped it with a low five.

“You’re on,” she whispered back to him before she turned back to the two them and cleared her throat.

Hermione blinked when a clearing of throat cut into her concentration and she blushed slightly when she saw how close Harry's face was before she pulled away and looked at Mia. Harry, also, looked at Mia, his cheeks tinged slightly with a blush.

"Dinner?" Ron asked and they both nodded before they bolted it out of the common room while Ron and Mia looked at each other.

"Fourth or fifth year?" Mia asked.

"Who knows with those two, I'm putting a vote down for both – it depends on the situations that occurs each year," Ron told her and she nodded. "How come not third year?"

"Are you kidding? The way they are going, we'll be lucky if we ever get them together!" she told him as they made their way out of the common room and into the Great Hall where they went for their dinner.

Harry and Hermione were already sitting in their normal seats at their table, they eyes focusing intently on their food.

"Maybe you should have just let them be, maybe they would have kissed," Ron suggested only to jump when he heard a clatter behind him. He turned to see that Ginny was kneeling behind him with her books everywhere. "You okay?" Ron asked as he knelt down in front of his sister and helped her pick up all her books.

"Yeah," Ginny told him with a shy smile.

"Ron, I'm gonna grab our seats, I think the boys are fighting over the food so I'll get your food," Mia told him and Ron nodded as she hurried over to the table and sat across from Harry and Hermione and started filling their plates.

Ron turned back to Ginny only to see her staring behind him.

"So, who was going to kiss?" Ginny asked, causally, and Ron stifled his laughs.



“Harry and Hermione. Their faces were kinda close and they were staring into each other eyes. Mia and I have a bet on when they will get together,” Ron explained and Ginny looked at him, sharply.

“You say as if it is inevitable,” Ginny told him and Ron arched an eyebrow at his sister.

“Are you kidding me? The pair of them fancied each other since they met last year and they’ve gotten closer – they will end up together, mark my words,” Ron told her and Ginny sighed as they both stood up. Ron handed her the rest of her books. “Are you sure you are okay? You look really pale and tired.”

“I’m fine, it’s just trying to get use to all this,” Ginny motioned around the school and Ron nodded.

“I understand. Come on, you can sit with us for dinner,” Ron told her as he took her bag and led her over to the table, where he took up his seat next to Mia and Ginny and started filling out a plate as she kept sneaking looks at Harry.

Harry looked over at Hermione, who looked at him at the same time and they both smiled shyly when their eyes caught.

“So, who do you think will teach the Duelling class?” Harry asked, softly.

“I’m sure it’ll be Flitwick, he was a master duellist in his time. Or it could Professor McGonagall, she was quite good at duelling too,” Hermione told him and Harry nodded.

“So, you excited about Christmas?” Harry asked and Hermione brightened as her eyes sparkled. Ginny saw that Harry’s eyes softened when he took this in and felt her heart tighten.

“Oh yeah, I wonder if they’ll let us decorate the Christmas tree this time. I miss doing that with my mum and dad,” Hermione admitted and Harry laughed.

“Maybe if you ask McGonagall, she might let you,” Harry suggested and Hermione giggled slightly. “And I bet you’re excited about the

presents as well,” he teased and Hermione’s eyes sparkled even more as she punched Harry on the arm.

“You better have gotten me a good present this year,” she teased him back as Harry grabbed her hand and smiled as his eyes sparkled too.

“Don’t I always?” he teased back and Hermione blushed slightly but she never tore her eyes away from Harry’s.

Ron and Mia both looked at each other with an amused glance before they tucked back into their meal while Ginny looked away with a hurt look on her face, unable to watch Harry and Hermione anymore.

Dumbledore watched from his seat up at the table and frowned slightly that Harry and Hermione seemed to be getting closer each day. He had hoped that Harry would go for someone else other than Hermione so that he could exert some control on the boy because he knew that he would never be able to use Hermione to get to Harry because the young witch was too strong.

His eyes turned to Ginny and he saw the pain on her face and wondered just maybe he could get Harry to be interested in Ginny instead of Hermione. He stroked his beard, thoughtfully, as he tried to work out a plan on how it could happen.

McGonagall just watched the scene with a light heart and she fought to keep her expression as neutral as ever. She loved seeing the interactions between Harry and Hermione, it never failed to warm her heart before she turned to the teacher next to her, who was asking her a question.

Dinner was over and everybody made their way back to their house common room so they could get some sleep. Hermione had her arm wrapped around Harry’s as she rested her head on his shoulder as they walked up the stairs to their common room with Ginny trailing after them with a thoughtful look on her face.

She watched as Harry made gestures while telling Hermione something that had her smiling the whole time and breaking into laughs every now and then. Harry was also smiling and laughing as he told her.

Ginny looked off to the side and saw that Ron was telling Mia something and she was nodding while laughing before she replied, causing Ron to laugh as he held onto her arm, causing her to laugh even harder.

Ginny frowned as focused on her walk. She knew that she had an attraction to Harry and Harry seemed to have shown an attraction to Ginny but someone always seemed to interrupt them so she couldn't be so sure. She just wished that she could have some time alone with Harry so she could finally figure out what he was really feeling for her and if they could sort out some sort of bond together that would slowly develop into some sort of romance.

They reached the common room and Ginny went to her room to sort out more of her thoughts while Hermione and Mia made their way to their dormitory room while Harry and Ron made their way to theirs, where they turned in for the night.

Everyone was excited about the duelling lessons when everybody turned up in the Great Hall, where a huge duelling stage had been set up. The floor was a bright blue colour and there were gold decorations with two large circles on either side of the stages, telling the duellers where to stand when it came to the duelling.

"Does anyone know who is teaching yet?" Mia asked and Harry shook his head. He, Mia, Hermione and Ron were standing near the stage. Draco was standing near Harry but not too near that it was noticeable.

"No, they kept it pretty quiet," Harry told her when he noticed a familiar figure making his way onto the stage. He let out a groan in his head while Mia's look turned to shock.

"Oh what?" Mia demanded as she watched as Lockhart made his way over the stand and Harry dropped his head.

"My worst nightmare just came to life," Harry muttered and Draco stifled a snigger as he looked away from the sight in front of him.

"Yes, it is I, Professor Lockhart, here to teach you the art of duelling," Lockhart told them all, finishing it off with a bow that cause Hermione

to wrinkle her nose in distaste, she had to admit that Lockhart was going overboard with the announcement. "And my lovely assistant, Severus Snape." Everyone watched as Snape slinked up onto the stage, a look of disgust was gracing his face.

"Oh boy," Ron uttered out; he had a bad feeling about the whole thing.

"Today, we are going to teach you how to block spells that people might send you during a duel so that you will not be taken out of the battle too soon," Lockhart told them all as he unbuckled his cloak and threw it into the audience. The girls jumped up and Harry saw that Angelina had caught the cloak and shot the other girls smug looks.

"Professor Snape and I will be shooting spells at each other, not to kill mind you," Lockhart told them and Harry snorted.

"I wouldn't bet on that," Harry muttered under his breath as he watched Snape's sneer at Lockhart. "Alright then, One-Two-Three!"

Both men brought up their wands and pointed it at each other.

"Expelliarmus!" They both shouted and both flew off their feet, causing them to land on their backs a few feet away from where they originally had been standing.

"Let them both die," Mia pleaded as she bounced on the balls of her heels, her hands tucked up under her chin. Draco and Harry both backed away from the girls as they both held their laughs while Ron shook his head.

"Mia!" Hermione scolded and Mia rolled her eyes as she looked at Hermione.

"Come on!" Mia pouted and Hermione rolled her eyes.

"He's an intelligent man!" Hermione told her and Mia snorted.

"He's a fraud," Mia stated and Hermione gaped at her.

"What about all those things he did in the books?" she demanded.

"The things he claimed he did," Draco muttered to Harry out of the corner of his mouth and got a nod in agreement from Harry.

"If he did anything he said he did in those books, I will eat my own hat," Mia informed Hermione before turning back to the front with a hopeful look in her eyes, praying to the gods above to fulfil her wish for them both to finish each other off.

Lockhart got back up, while Snape also got up, and made his way over to Snape with a smirk.

"I have to tell you, I knew that what you were going to do. I just allowed the spell to hit me so that everyone could see the effect of a spell could have," he informed Snape while smiling brightly at the students while Snape just arched an eyebrow.

"I thought the whole point was to teach the children how to block unfavourable spells," Snape pointed out and Lockhart's smile dimmed slightly as he looked around at the students. "Maybe we should get some students up here."

"Ah yes!" Lockhart agreed. "Potter, Weasley, up!" Lockhart called out and both boys made a move to get to the stage when Snape's cold voice cut in.

"Mr Weasley's wand seems to be malfunctioning, I'm afraid that if he was to use his wand, we would be sending Mr Potter to the Hospital Wing in a matchbox," Snape told Lockhart and Ron sighed as he got back to his normal place. "My I suggest someone else, like Malfoy?" he walked away with a jerk of his thumb, telling Malfoy to get up onto the stage, which he did.

Both boys stood at the ends of the stage, facing each other.

"I want you to bow and start shooting spells at each other – only disarming spells!" Lockhart warned them and both boys nodded together. "Bow!" both boys bowed together. "One, Two-" Malfoy spun his wand around and pointed it at Harry and threw a spell at Harry, causing him to fly back a few feet till his back hit the stage hard.

Malfoy straightened up with a smug smirk on his face only for his face to pale when Harry sat up and sent a spell flying straight for him, which hit Malfoy in stomach, causing him to double over, wheezing.

Harry got back up on his feet and move back to where he had been originally been standing when Malfoy stood up back and threw another spell at Harry, who also threw a spell at Malfoy before they both scratched the air in front of them with their wand and two transparent white shields showed up in front of each other, causing the spells to be blocked.

Determined, Malfoy pointed his wand at Harry once more.

“Serpensortia!” Draco shouted and a flash of black light shot out of his wand before it hit the ground, revealing a black snake. Everyone screamed while Harry just stared at the snake and Lockhart smiled as he moved forward.

“Don’t worry Potter, I’ll get rid of it!” Lockhart told them before he pointed his wand at the snake only for a loud bang to come out and the snake flew ten feet into the air before it came back down with a loud hissed, now pissed off with what had happened to it.

It looked around for a victim till its eyes landed on Justin Finch-Fletchley and it hissed once more, baring its fangs as it got into its strike pose.

Harry stepped forward, his green eyes slightly glazed over as if he wasn’t there at all when a hissing sound came from Harry, unnoticed to him.

“Leave him alone,” Harry gently commanded but the snake didn’t listen it’s it rattled it’s tail before coiling itself tighter when Harry lost it. “Leave Him Alone!” Harry commanded and the snake turned away from Justin and looked at Harry before Snape stepped forward and pointed his wand at the snake and it vanished.

Harry looked around, startled, like he had just woken up from a dream and didn’t know where he was. He looked at Justin and saw that Justin was staring at him, furious.

“What the hell do you think you were doing?” he demanded before he stormed off, leaving Harry arching an eyebrow before he looked at the spot where the snake was before his eyes sought out Hermione.

“Harry,” Mia stated as she jumped up onto the stand. “Come on,” she told him as she turned around and gave everyone a glare. “You all got a problem with Harry telling the snake to leave people alone?” she snapped before she tugged on Harry’s sleeve. “We gotta go.”

Harry jumped down from the stage and made his way out of the Great Hall with Hermione holding onto his arm, trying to comfort him while everyone just stared after Harry with doubt now niggling at his or her minds.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Ron demanded as they made their way down the corridor.

“Tell you what?” Harry bit out; still annoyed with the fact that everyone had been staring at him.

“That you’re a parslemouth!” Ron exclaimed and Harry came to stop, causing Hermione to crash into him. He reached out and grabbed Hermione’s shoulders to stop her from falling.

“Sorry,” Harry apologised and Hermione shook her head as Harry turned back to Ron. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“You can talk to snakes, you’re a parslemouth,” Ron explained and Harry shrugged.

“So what, I bet loads of people can do it,” Harry told him and Mia made a gasp, causing Harry to look at her.

“No Harry, they can’t, Parslemouth are quite rare,” Mia reminded.

“There is a reason why the serpent is the symbol for Slytherin - Salazar could talk to snakes,” Hermione told Harry.

“Now everyone is going to think you’re his great, great, great, so and so Grandson,” Ron finished off and Harry snorted.

"I'm not," Harry shot back.

"You'll find that hard to prove - he did live a thousand years ago. For all we know, you could be," Ron told him and Harry shook his head.

"I can't be," Harry told him and Hermione thought about it.

"What about Voldemort. I mean, he was Slytherin's heir and when he tried to kill Harry, it backfired," Hermione told them.

"I don't think so," Ron told her and Mia jumped in.

"Well, it would make sense, wouldn't it?" Mia asked and they looked at her. "When Voldemort's spell backfired on him, Harry bound to get some of his abilities – Voldemort was a parslemouth – not that it was well known, so Harry got it from him via his scar," Mia suggested and Hermione nodded.

"That does makes sense, we don't know any side effects of having a scar like yours considering you're the only person who ever survived a killing curse," Hermione told him and Harry groaned before leaving the room.

"Leave him, it's a lot to get through," Mia told Hermione as she caught her friend's arm as she tried to chase after Harry. "Let him come to you, you know he will."

Hermione nodded as she watched Harry leave the Common Room, frustrated with the world.

Harry found himself sitting on a small patch overlooking Hogwarts and the lake. There was a small hooting sound and he turned to see Hedwig flying toward him before she circled his head. Harry lifted his arm and Hedwig swooped down and landed on his arm before she moved up slightly and buried her face into his neck, nuzzling him.

"A great year I'm having Hedwig," Harry told her and she just let out a small hoot as she leap off Harry's shoulder and landed on the ground next to Harry. He reached out and stroked her feather as she settled herself onto the ground and both of them turned back to staring out at



the distance – just letting their trouble disappear like the fading sunlight as it started to sink behind the sun, giving off a orange glow.

Hermione found herself in the library going over her homework. Mia and Ron were sitting on the other side of her as she kept looking at the empty seat next to her.

“He’ll be fine Hermione,” Mia spoke up, understanding Hermione’s worries. “He just frustrated.”

“I know,” Hermione told her. “It just doesn’t make it any easier.” Mia smiled at the younger girl before she turned back to her homework just as Harry made his way over to the table. “Harry!” Hermione greeted, her eyes lightening up and Harry smiled softly.

“Sorry I was gone so long, I had a lot of thinking to do,” Harry apologised as he sat down next to her and she shook her head.

“Are you okay?” she asked and Harry nodded.

“Yeah, I promise,” he told her before he pulled out his potion homework. “How about you go over this homework with me because I haven’t got a clue what I’m doing,” Harry told her and she smiled.

“Sure.” She leaned over and they both got on with Harry’s potion homework.

After a while, Harry ran a hand through his hair. He was working on his charms homework when he felt eyes boring holes into him, causing him to look up and he saw a bunch of Hufflepuff staring at him. They turned away when Harry’s eyes landed on them and he sighed, causing Ron to look up and understand what was going on.

“Why don’t you try and explain it to Justin?” Ron asked and Mia snorted under her breath.

“I don’t think he would want to listen,” Mia informed and Ron looked at her, slightly annoyed.

“You know, the wizarding world is not all bad,” Ron told her and she looked at him.

“Believe me when I say I don’t believe that,” Mia told him before she turned back to her homework and Hermione shook her head, signalling Ron to let it go and just get on with his homework.

“Maybe I will,” Harry told them before he got up and moved over to where he saw a bunch of Hufflepuff making their way into the back of the Library. He reached a bookcase and overheard what a stout boy was saying to the group.

“I mean; he is obviously a dark wizard. I mean – he’s living with Sirius Black, a well known supporter of You Know Who and Parseltongue is a sign of a dark wizard,” he informed them and Harry rolled his eyes.

“But, Ernie, he’s Harry Potter. He’s always been so nice – he did get rid of You Know Who,” a small girl stated.

“Hannah, he was a baby when he got rid of You Know Who. I mean, maybe that’s why You Know Who went after Harry - he didn’t want another dark lord competing,” Ernie told her. “I told Justin to lay low, I mean, the way things are going – I wouldn’t be surprise if it revealed that Harry is the Heir of Slytherin. I mean, he had a run in with Filch then the next thing; Mrs Norris is attacked. Colin Creevy had been taking pictures of Harry then he’s attacked – Harry has some sort disrespect for muggleborns,” Ernie finished off and Harry felt his blood boil before he took a deep breath, wanting to try and keep it under control when he felt a small hand slip into his.

Startled, he looked down and found himself staring into warm brown eyes.

“Ignore them, they don’t know anything,” Hermione whispered, obviously annoyed. She had heard what Ernie had told them and she felt like she could punch his face in. Harry nodded before he moved around the bookcase with Hermione still holding onto his hand and cleared his throat.

Startled, the group turned around and saw that Harry was standing there with Hermione looking like she was more than willing to hex them all.

"I'm looking for Justin," Harry told them and they all paled while the rest looked toward Ernie.

"What do you want with Justin?" Ernie asked, trying to put on a bravo that he obviously wasn't feeling.

"I just wanted to explain what happened during duelling club," Harry told him and he arched an eyebrow.

"We all know what happened during the duelling club," Ernie stated and Harry smirked slightly.

"Then you understand that I told the snake to back off?" Harry asked and Ernie snorted.

"We all heard you talking in Parseltongue, dark wizard language, and chasing the snake toward Justin" Ernie informed them.

"Oh come off it! It never touched him!" Harry exclaimed.

"A damn well near miss!" Ernie retorted. "And before you get any ideas, you can trace my family tree throughout wizards and witches."

"Oh, Fuck off," Harry told him. "I don't give a fuck about your inheritance – I think most of purebloods are a waste of space so if I was going to attack anyone, it'll be pureblood. If I really hated muggle borns, would I be standing here holding Hermione's hand?" he demanded, bringing up their linked hands. "Or did you forget that my best friend is a muggleborn? Just like my mother was?" Harry informed them before walking off, taking Hermione with him, leaving a stunned group of Hufflepuff behind.

He stormed out of the library, ignoring Madam Pince's glare when Mia caught up with them.

"Way to go Harry," Mia told him and Harry rolled his eyes.

"They do suck," Harry reminded and Mia grinned.

"I know," she told him before bumping hips with him and walked off to catch up with Draco, who was hiding in the shadows while Hermione just continued to hold onto Harry's hand.

"It's gonna be okay," Hermione soothed when Harry came to a halt, breathing heavily.

"Really?" Harry asked as he turned to look at Hermione. "Hermione, you do realise that tomorrow, everyone will probably think the same thing as Ernie does?" Hermione shook her head.

"I don't care Harry, I know you and I know you would never do those things, I don't see you attacking me!" she told him and Harry shook his head.

"It's just hard to think that everyone thinks I killed Voldemort by being a dark wizard when it was my mother's love that saved me," Harry told her. Hermione just let go of his hand before wrapping her arms around his waist, holding her close as Harry buried his face into her neck, wrapping his arms around her waist, just holding on.

What they didn't know that McGonagall was standing in the shadows, watching her two lions hold onto each other, trying to overcome the day's event and made up her mind. She was going to help Harry in every way she can, no matter what.

"What are we going to do?" Draco asked as he and Mia made their way through the dark hallways, keeping to the hallways that were rarely used. "Harry will be under scrutiny for the next few months."

"I know, we gotta find out who the hell opened the Chamber of Secrets and get it out in the open as fast as we can. I have a feeling that this will come back to bite Harry later in the future," Mia told him and Draco nodded in agreement.

"I know," Draco told her before he looked at her. "But it doesn't look like it's going to be easy." Mia threw her head back so she could look at the ceiling as she walked.

"I know – do you have any ideas who could be opening the chambers?" Mia asked and Draco shook his head.

“No, no idea – no one in Slytherin has been bragging about it,” Draco told her and she swore.

“Damn, we were hoping that by using the Polyjuice potion, someone might spill to us,” Mia explained and Draco sighed.

“What are you going to do now?” Draco asked and Mia shook her head, for once, she doesn’t have an answer.

Mia let herself into the common room only to stop short when she saw Harry and Hermione curled up on the couch in front of the fire asleep and she sighed. Harry was on his back while Hermione was lying on her side, wedged between the back of the couch and Harry’s body while one of Harry’s hands were in her hair while the other one was wrapped around her waist, holding on.

Hermione had her head on his chest while one hand held onto the front of his jumper. Mia moved over to them before she grabbed the blanket that was hanging on the back of the chair that the Gryffindor girls had put out because it had become a habit of people to fall asleep on the couch and instead of waking, they would just leave them alone.

Mia placed the cover over their bodies before she removed Harry’s glasses so they wouldn’t hurt him and placed them on the small table that sat across from the couch. She walked up the stairs, leaving the two of them alone to sleep.

## Chapter 9: Attack, Twins and Christmas.

Harry made his way through the castle, frustration building up inside of him. He had been receiving looks from everyone all day after the whole snake thing and it was beginning to annoy him to a no end.

Hermione was off in the girls' toilet, making sure that the potion was bubbling nicely. Mia was meeting up with Draco to see if he had any ideas of how to figure out who was the Slytherin heir before any more attacks occurred. So far they weren't having a good time and they still couldn't convince Ron that Draco couldn't be the heir of Slytherin, so the plan of the Polyjuice potion was still on. She had managed to convince them that she had made enough for them to store and use at a later date as well.

Ron was off with his sister – he had noticed that she had been tired lately and was worrying about her. Harry was also concerned about her as well.

Harry was about to go past second floor when he saw Ginny entering the library and stopped slightly. Maybe he should talk to her and see if he could get through to her better - people did have a habit of being able to open up to someone they didn't know well.

Harry made his way over to the library and slipped in. He looked around and saw Ginny sitting at a table near the window and made his way over to her.

"Hey Ginny," Harry greeted. Ginny looked up and flushed slightly but she smiled at him.

"Hey," Ginny replied and Harry sat down across from her.

"So, how are you getting on?" Harry asked and smiled slightly when he saw Ginny's puzzled look. "Ron told me that you were looking tired and all that," he explained and Ginny looked down in embarrassment

"I'm fine, just trying to get use to this," Ginny told him and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, I understand it. Hermione was the same when she arrived," Harry told her and Ginny's smile dimmed slightly.

"What about you?" Ginny asked; redirection the conversation back to him and Harry looked at her before smiling.

"No, I'm used to it because Uncle Sirius made me and Mia get up at 5 in the morning do things," Harry explained and Ginny thought back to a conversation she had a while ago before she took a deep breath.

"So, Sirius has been treating you okay?" she asked and Harry's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Yeah, he's been great to Mia and I," Harry told her and she tilted her head. Ginny wondered if she could encourage Harry to find somewhere else to live.

"It just, my mum had been a little concerned, you know, with all the rumours and all that," Ginny explained and Harry's features darken slightly.

"Well, you can tell your mother that everything is fine and she doesn't need to concern herself," Harry told her, firmly and a little coldly. Ginny looked at him and felt her own eyes harden.

"She thinks of you as a son because you are Ron's friend," Ginny shot back and but Harry shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think of her as a mother and I don't see how she could think me of a son considering she has never met me or knows me," Harry informed her frostily.

"Harry, please..." Ginny pleaded. This wasn't going the way she expected but Harry shook his head.

"No, I'm sorry. Your mother doesn't have the right to see me as a son because she doesn't know me, and she doesn't have the right to be concerned over me. I had a mother for that but she was killed by Voldemort and she is the only mother I want," Harry stated firmly before he stood up and left the Library with Ginny staring after his back with a despondent look on her face. Her plan had failed.

Harry made his way out of the library only to bump into someone and send him or her flying. He looked down and saw that he had bumped into a blonde first year – a Ravenclaw by the look of her robes.

“Oh man, I’m so sorry!” Harry exclaimed as he hurried over and helped her up. He got a small giggle in reply as she stood up and brushed out her robes before she pushed back her hair and looked up at Harry with slightly glazed blue eyes.

“No need to apologise, my fault for being occupied with the fairies above the doors,” she told him in a dreamy tone. Harry’s eyebrows shot up slightly before he looked at the door of the library but couldn’t see any fairies. “My, you’re Harry Potter.”

“Yeah, sorry, I don’t know you,” Harry told her and she smiled dreamily.

“I’m Luna Lovegood,” she told him. “And do take care when you go round the corner, I’m sure we’ll meet again.” With that, she hummed under her breath as she made her way into the library, leaving a confused boy behind. He shook his head and continued on with his walk.

He rounded the corner only to bump into another person and sent them flying also. He looked down with a groan and saw it was Hermione.

“Oh man, I’m so sorry!” Harry apologised again in a span of minutes while Hermione smiled as she shook her head. Harry helped her up before gathering her books and handing them to her.

“It’s okay,” Hermione assured him. “I thought you were going out to the pitch to get some flying in?” she asked, curious to why he was still in the castle.

“I was till I saw Ginny and I wanted to talk to her,” Harry told her, not noticing that Hermione’s knuckles had turned white from gripping her books tightly.

“Oh?” she asked, causally and Harry nodded.



“Yeah, Ron had said that Ginny was looking tired so I wanted to check on her. Of course, we got into a slight argument over her mother thinking of me as a son,” he told her and Hermione looked at him, startled.

“But she doesn’t know you,” Hermione told him and he agreed.

“And that’s what I told Ginny but she kept going on about it so I kinda lost my temper. I told her that my mother was dead and she was the only mother I ever wanted,” he admitted. Hermione sighed as she looked at Harry before she settled her books on the ground before hugging him.

“I’m sure if you told Ron, he will sort it out,” Hermione told him before she pulled away and looked into his eyes. Harry laughed as he kissed her forehead.

“Probably. Now I’m gonna go and see if I can get some flying in. Do you want any help with your books before I go?” he asked and Hermione shook her head.

“Nope, I’ll be fine. I’ll see you later,” she kissed him on the cheek before she picked up her books once more and headed into the library. Harry stared after her before he headed out of the castle and over to the Quidditch pitch. He made his way into the Gryffindor’s male locker room. He headed over to his locker and opened it, pulling out his broom before he shoved his bag into the locker and slammed it shut.

All the lockers had been magically enchanted so that it would recognise a person’s magical signature – the Quidditch committee had thought it up after someone had placed a hex on a broom, which almost caused a death of a Quidditch player. It turned out that they managed to break into the locker so the Quidditch Committee set it up so that no one would be able to get into any lockers other than their own.

Harry left the locker room and made his way out onto the pitch. He mounted his broom before he kicked the ground hard, causing the broom to soar up into the air with him on it as the air rushed past his face.

He did some movement on his broom but mostly just hovered, letting the air rush over his face, relaxing him from the months he had since he had started school.

Hermione smiled from where she was watching from the window before she turned back to her homework and got a start on it.

Harry came back down to earth with a small thud after a while and he got off his broom. He made his way over to the locker room and placed his broom back in his locker before grabbing his bag and he made his way back to the castle.

Harry rounded the corner only for his eyes to widen and he jerked back slightly when he saw a dead rooster in front of him.

"Oh, hello Harry," greeted a voice and Harry looked up and sighed with relief when he saw it was Hagrid.

"Hey Hagrid, what's with the rooster?" he asked and Hagrid sighed.

"They are being killed off even more so I'm heading up to see Professor Dumbledore to see if he would let me build some sort of fence to keep whatever it's killing them out," Hagrid explained and Harry nodded.

"I hope it goes well," Harry told him. "I'd love to stay and chat but Hermione wants me to meet her in the library. She's got something she needs to show me," Harry explained and Hagrid smiled.

"Have fun," he told Harry, who laughed as he hurried off. Hagrid made his way toward Dumbledore's office.

Harry was walking along the corridor when he saw a trail of spiders moving away from a corridor, up the wall and out of the window. Curiously, he moved closer to the corridor only to stop short when he saw the sight.

Headless Nick was floating in mid-air. He wasn't transparent any more; he was more Smokey – which made Harry even more curious. He moved closer only to see Justin lying on the ground. Harry knelt down and touched Justin's hand and found it was cold and stiff.

Frowning, he looked at the spiders before looking at the ghost and boy once more and came to the conclusion that the attacker had attacked again

“Caught in the act!” a voice exclaimed and Harry spun around to see Peeves, the poltergeist, floating behind him. “You’ll be kicked out for good this time, Potter!” Peeve cackled before he floated away through the walls. Harry sighed and rolls his eyes before he turned back to look at the petrified Justin.

“I have to admit, he does seem better being petrified,” Harry muttered under his breath. There was a hurrying footsteps and he turned around once more to see Professor McGonagall hurrying toward him. She saw he victims and sighed. “It wasn’t me, Professor,” Harry told her and she nodded as she placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I know Harry. I believe you but it is out of my hands,” she warned him and Harry tensed his jaw, not surprised in the least.

“Justin!” a male voice exclaimed and they spun around to see an enraged Ernie bearing down on Harry. He bunched up his fist and was about to plant one on Harry, who sidestepped Ernie, catching the enraged boy’s fist in his hand. He deftly twisted the arm back till Harry had it pinned up against his back.

“Next time, don’t try it,” Harry growled before he pushed Ernie away from him.

“Mr Macmillan!” McGonagall snapped; rage clear over her face and Ernie looked up at her. “We will be speaking about your appalling behaviour later, right now, take this fan,” she transfigured a fan. “And use this to help Mr Nick up to the Hospital wing. While you do – keep an eye on Mr Finch-Fletchley while he’s on the stretcher,” she ordered him. She conjured up a stretcher and it placed it under Justin and lifted him up before floating off with Ernie hurrying after it with Nick.

McGonagall straightened out her robes before she looked at Harry. “Come with me,” she told him and they made their way down the corridors till they came to a stop outside a stone bird. Understanding dawned on Harry straight away.

He was going to see Dumbledore.

“Sherbet Lemon!” McGonagall announced, clearly, and there was a rumbling sound as the bird started to rotate. Harry hurried over to it and stepped on the top stairs and allowed it to rotate him all the way to Dumbledore’s office.

McGonagall sighed. “Good luck Harry,” she whispered before she made her way over to the Hospital wing. She was going to have a talk to one of the students about how violence doesn’t solve anything while she was deputy headmistress of this school.

Harry arrived in front of a door, he knocked on it before he pushed it open and made his way into the office. He looked around – it had changed slightly since the last time he had come here and saw a red and gold phoenix. He smiled as he moved over to it.

“Hey...” Harry greeted. The phoenix shrilled before it burst into flames, causing Harry to take a step back. He understood what had just happened. It was burning day.

“It’s about time,” a male voice spoke and Harry turned his head to see Dumbledore coming down the stairs. “I had been telling him to get a move on but I have my suspicions that he knew that you were coming to visit him lately,” Dumbledore explained.

“What’s his name?” Harry asked.

“Fawkes,” Dumbledore replied. “Remarkable creatures they are - their tears have healing powers and they can carry immensely heavy loads.”

“Yeah, they’re one of my favourite animals,” Harry told him and Dumbledore studied him sagely. “I wanted to say that I didn’t attack anybody,” Harry told him with a steely glare and Dumbledore nodded.

“Yes, I know, but I must ask - do you have any ideas of who could be behind it?” Dumbledore asked and Harry snorted.

"You mean like Mia?" Harry asked. "Forget it, she hates purebloods more than muggleborns," Harry told him. "Something about being cowards."

Dumbledore frowned slightly as he stroked his beard when all of a sudden the doors were slammed open, revealing a harassed Hagrid.

"It wasn't Harry!" Hagrid exclaimed, still holding the dead roosters. "I was with him seconds before the attack was discovered! I'll swear it to the ministry if I have to!" Dumbledore raised his hands and put them into a calming motion.

"Calm down Hagrid, I do not believe it was Harry," Dumbledore told him and Hagrid stared at him.

"You don't?" he asked before he shook his head. "Of course you don't." There was an awkward moment before Hagrid jerked his head toward the door. "I'll wait outside," Hagrid told them and he stumbled out, roosters in hand.

"All right now," Dumbledore told him and Hagrid made his way back out of the office. The headmaster turned back to Harry. "Is there anything you wish to tell me?" he asked.

"Only that I'm late for meeting up with Hermione," Harry told him and Dumbledore smiled.

"Ah yes, Miss Granger is quite a person, isn't she?" Dumbledore asked and Harry looked at him, sharply.

"Yeah, she's one of my best friend," Harry replied, caution slipping into his voice. He wasn't sure he liked where the conversation was heading.

"I had noticed that two of you are quite close," Dumbledore observed. Harry just stayed silent. "But I also noticed that you seemed to be interested in Miss Weasley – I must say, you do take after your father in that way. After all, your mother was a red haired."

"I thought my dad went after my mum because he was interested in who she was, not what she looked like," Harry told him with steel in his voice.

"Yes, he did. I was wondering if you could hang out with Miss Weasley some more. I do worry about her as she is new and does seem to be tired all the time. I was hoping maybe you could help her out?" Dumbledore suggested and Harry shook his head.

"Sorry, I'm kinda busy – maybe you could ask Hermione. She is great when it comes to helping people study – if it wasn't for her, I would be way behind in class," Harry suggested. Dumbledore nodded, but disappointment glimmered in his eyes.

"I know, but I was hoping that maybe you could form a small friendship with Miss Weasley. After all, you are her brother's friend," Dumbledore told him and Harry shrugged.

"If she wants to be friends with me, she can ask. I didn't think it was in the headmaster's job to try and force people into friendships," Harry told him before leaving the office and Dumbledore alone.

Hagrid stepped in.

"Can I talk to you?" Hagrid asked and Dumbledore motioned Hagrid in, still frustrated over his lack of influence over the boy. He needed to find some way to control Harry and soon!

Harry made his way down the stairs and down the corridor, rage lining his muscles when he bumped into two people.

"What is it with me today?" Harry demanded before he looked up at Fred and George.

"Hello Harry," George greeted.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Fred asked and Harry arched an eyebrow.

"What do you want?" he asked, dryly, causing both boys to hold a hand over their hearts, wounded.

“Harry, so quick to accuse us,” George gasped out.

“Why would you ever presume that we want something?” Fred asked and Harry smirked.

“Probably because every time I see you, you want something or you are going to do something,” Harry reminded, causing the twins to drop their acts.

“We heard an interesting tale about you,” Fred told him.

“About you being the Slytherin heir,” George finished and Harry sighed.

“Right and let me guess who told you that, Ernie?” he asked and Fred nodded. “Of course he would. He can’t handle the fact that I just might be innocent so he decides that he’ll try and make my life a misery.”

“Of course, we called him on it but we’re afraid that a lot of people agree with him,” George told him and Harry sighed.

“Don’t worry about it. People want to believe the worst thing about a person because it makes themselves feel better,” Harry told them.

“Well we don’t!” Fred told him.

“And we have a plan on how to enforce that,” George told Harry, who just arched an eyebrow, interested to hear what they had to say.

Fred and George marched their way down the corridors to the library with Harry walking behind them with an amused look on his face.

“Out of the way people!” Fred shouted as he pushed students to the side.

“Seriously deranged wizard is coming through!” George called out, causing Harry to stifle a smile. He was glad to see that Fred and George thought it was insanely funny that people thought Harry was the Heir of Slytherin and did their best to enforce it.

“Will you two stop this?” a male voice demanded and they turned to see another red haired Weasley coming through. He came to stop in front of the twins and Harry. Percy’s face was slowly turning red.

“Oh get out of the way Percy,” Fred told him.

“Yeah, Harry is just nipping off to the Chambers of have a spot of tea with his fanged friends,” George piped up and Harry couldn’t help it. He started laughing.

“Ooooh,” Fred shivered out as he clutched George, both of them were wearing terrified looks.

“He lost it Freddy, he’s going on his attacking spree next!” George whispered and Fred nodded.

“Harry, mate, which muggle borns are you going to attack next?” Fred whispered as if he was scared if he spoke any louder, Harry would turn on him.

Harry clutched the wall to hold him up as he laughed even harder, tears was running from his eyes while everyone else just watched the scene with fear in their eyes.

“What on earth is going on here?” a female voice demanded, causing everyone to jump. Hermione came into view and arched an eyebrow when she saw Harry clutching the wall, laughing and the twins holding on to each other before she rubbed her forehead. “Do I want to know?” she asked.

“Just asking what muggle born Harry is going to attack next,” Fred told her. Hermione’s lip thinned as she tried to stop herself from smiling.

“And I suppose you are the reasons why Harry is late meeting me in the library?” Hermione asked, sternly only for a voice to spoke up.

“He was late because he was too busy attacking Justin!” enrage male voice cut through. Harry’s laughs stop, abruptly as he looked toward the voice and Hermione looked at the voice too with an arched eyebrow.



“And pray tell, how did he manage to attack Justin? Breathe on him?” Hermione asked, sarcastically. The twins looked at each other before looking back at her then looked at Harry.

“Mate, we think she’s been hanging around Mia too much,” Fred told Harry.

“Yeah, either that or Mia has morphed herself into Hermione,” George agreed, causing Harry to laugh once more and Hermione to roll her eyes.

“Honestly,” she muttered under her breath as she planted her hands on her hips before she pinned a glare on Ernie.

“He chased a snake toward Justin and everyone who annoys him ends up being attacked,” Ernie informed her and Hermione nodded.

“Why aren’t you petrified then?” Hermione asked, causing Justin to mouth at her, soundless. “You annoy Harry like mad yet you’re walking around.”

“You gotta admit...” Fred started.

“She is right...” George jumped in.

“But then again...”

“She’s always right!” they both finished off together and Harry smirked in their direction before he looked at Hermione, who was standing her ground.

“He blames me because I was the one there when Peeves caught me,” Harry explained to her. “Nick was also attacked.” Hermione’s eyes widen.

“A Ghost has been petrified?” Hermione asked and Harry nodded before she frowned. “Now that’s interesting considering not many things can hurt a ghost.” Harry agreed before she moved over to him and linked her arm though his. “We’re heading to the library,” she informed him before she dragged him off with everyone standing

there, shocked at what had been revealed when Fred pouted and turned to George.

"He never did answer our question," Fred told George and he nodded before his eyes lit up.

"Maybe Hermione already told us the answer!" George stated and they both turned to face Ernie with evil grins.

"Better watch out..." Fred warned him.

"Looks like you're next, mate," George told him and they both left, crackling with laughter, leaving everyone alone with their thoughts and Ernie muttering.

"But I'm pureblood," Ernie whimpered over and over again and everyone made on their way, leaving Ernie behind, alone.

Harry and Hermione made their way into the library, giggling like mad as they did.

"SHH!" Madam Pince hissed out and they both stifled their giggles as they nodded and hurried their way into the back of the library. When they were out of earshot of Madam Pince they broke into laughter again.

"Did you see Ernie's face?" Harry gasped out and Hermione nodded as tears came to her eyes.

"What about the twins?" Hermione asked and Harry snorted, causing Hermione to go into fresh fits of giggles.

Soon, they both managed to calm themselves down before they looked at each other with serious gazes.

"Though, a ghost being petrified like that is not normal Harry. There's not a lot of things can do that to a ghost," Hermione told him and Harry nodded.

"I thought that but the ones that can are not exactly easy to find. You can't just sneak them into a school," Harry told her and she nodded in agreement.

"Looks like extra research," Hermione told him and he looked at her.

"Do you want my help?" he asked. "I don't like the thought of you being alone in the library when this person is attacking muggleborns," he told her and she smiled.

"You can help me out if you want," Hermione told him and he smiled back at her, relieved that she wasn't going to be alone. They started to browse the books for any information that could help them to figure out what was going on around the school.

Soon, Christmas took over everyone's brain. Hermione was practically bouncing off the walls at the thoughts of presents. This was due to Harry bribing her with whatever books she wanted for Christmas in return for her lying to Lockhart to sign the note to have access to the restricted section. She couldn't wait to lay her hands on the books.

Mia walked out of the bathroom and into the girls' room only to smile when she saw Hermione.

"Just how much sugar did you take this morning?" Mia teased and Hermione laughed. As much as she missed being at home with her parents, she loved spending Christmas with Harry, Mia and Ron – although she wished she could spend at least one Christmas with Draco because he was like a brother to her.

"Just wanting my pay-off," Hermione informed Mia and she laughed before she linked her arm through Hermione's arm and they both made their way down into the common room, still clad in their PJs.

They stepped into the common room only to stop short when they saw the Christmas tree and Hermione smiled brightly when she caught sight of it. She had pleaded and begged Professor McGonagall to allow them to decorate the tree this year and she had relented, unable to deny her favourite student anything. Amazingly, the Gryffindors had a blast decorating the tree the muggle way.

Harry and Ron slowly made their way down the stairs and smiled when they saw the girls.

"Merry Christmas!" Ron greeted. Hermione hugged him first before she pulled away.

"Merry Christmas!" Hermione greeted as she hugged Mia before she pulled away and hugged Harry.

"Merry Christmas to you too," Mia told her before all four of them sat around the Christmas tree and pulled out presents to give to others. "Okay, this is to Ron, from Harry," Mia called out as she handed the present over to Ron. Everyone started handing out all the presents to each other till everyone got their presents from each other.

Hermione tore into her presents that Harry had given her and smiled brightly when she saw her books.

"Happy?" Harry teased and Hermione stuck her tongue out at him before she opened her present from Mia only laugh when she saw it was a picture of all three of them over the summer with Rex, the dog. Draco was also in the picture but he was charmed to be missing from anyone who might see the picture other than the three of them. She opened her present from Ron and smiled when she saw that Ron had gotten her a book on Quidditch.

"That's so you have a better idea of how to keep Harry safe during the games," Ron told her and Hermione laughed.

Ron opened his presents and saw that Harry had gotten him a Quidditch Cannons Jersey to put up on the wall. Hermione had gotten him a book on the history of Cannons while Mia had gotten him a huge mixture box of sweets that would last him till the next summer.

Mia opened her presents and found that Harry had given her a small amulet with a blood red ruby on the handle. Hermione had gotten her a small amulet necklace with the symbol air on it. Ron had gotten her a book on weapons and their history that he had found.

Harry opened his presents and found that Hermione had given him a book on all fire creatures that there were in the world. Mia had gotten

him some new Quidditch gloves and a wristband with the symbol of fire on it. Ron had gotten him a book called 'Flying with Quidditch'; it was the history of Quidditch.

"Wow, thanks!" Everyone stated at the same time only to burst out laughing before Hermione shook her head.

"Oh, by the way, the Polyjuice potion should be done at least tomorrow," Hermione, told them and Ron whooped.

"Now we can figure out who is the Slytherin heir and get a move on stopping them," Ron cheered. They all smiled back, hoping that Ron was right yet at the same time, they couldn't help but be doubtful.

Soon the day was nearly over. Hermione found herself sitting in front of the fire on the big couch, reading one of the books that Harry had gotten her when she felt a soft thump to her side. She looked up and smiled when she saw Harry sitting there.

"Hey, enjoying the book?" Harry asked and Hermione nodded.

"Yeah, thanks for getting me them," Hermione told him and Harry nodded before he pulled out a small wrapped gift from behind his back.

"Merry Christmas," Harry whispered as he handed Hermione the gift. Hermione smiled up at him before she took it and opened it only for her eyes to widen slightly when she saw the silver bracelet. It was a plain silver bracelet with different decorations on them. Hermione couldn't help but smile when she saw a little charm of a book. A small potion vial. A small fang. "This is something to grow on. This way you can add on more charms if you want," Harry explained and Hermione nodded in understanding.

"This has been a good Christmas, hasn't it?" Hermione asked and Harry smiled.

"Yeah, once everybody forgot that I'm the 'heir' of Slytherin," Harry told her. Hermione laughed as she rested her head on his shoulder and they both just stared into the fire – just enjoying their Christmas together.

TBC

## Chapter 10: Polyjuice Potion, Problems and Troubles.

“Are you all ready?” Ron asked from where he was sitting on the floor next to the fire. Hermione just looked at him. He had been anxious about getting the Polyjuice Potion ready and questioning Draco Malfoy.

“Yeah, you just need to get some hairs of the people you’ll be turning in to,” she told him and Mia winced slightly.

“Sorry, I can’t join you,” Mia told them.

“How come?” Ron asked and Mia rolled her eyes.

“Professor McGonagall is taking my detention – I kinda annoyed Snape too much,” she admitted and Harry laughed.

“What are you like?” he asked and she shrugged, not really bothered about the detentions.

“Hey, at least I’m not getting detention with *him*,” Mia defended and Harry snorted.

“I bet he planned that because he wouldn’t want you to annoy him even more in detention would he?” Harry asked and Mia stuck her tongue out at him, not happy.

“We still have the three of us - that’ll make it easier to question Malfoy because he doesn’t hang around with a lot of Slytherins,” Hermione told them.

“Whose hair are we going to use?” Ron asked.

“I thought that you and Harry could take some of Goyle and Crabbe’s hair. I have mine already – I took it from Pansy Parkinson during the Duelling club,” Hermione told them and Mia grimaced.

“And all of a sudden, I’m glad that I’m not involved,” she told them and Harry laughed.

“Yeah, I bet you are,” Harry told her.

“How are we supposed to get the hairs?” Ron asked and Hermione nodded to Mia, who reached into her bag and pulled out a small box and opened it before placing it on the table, revealing two cakes.

“These cakes are filled with a simple sleeping draught. One bite and they’ll go out like a light,” Hermione explained. “All you two need to do is make sure they are somewhere where the boys can find them, they’ll eat the cakes and put them somewhere where they are less likely to barge in on us questioning Malfoy and grab some hairs from them.”

Harry and Ron looked at each other, both sorting out a plan in their mind.

“What are you two planning?” Mia asked. Both boys just smiled and she rolled her eyes. She decided that she was better off not knowing.

Ron and Harry made their way down to the Great Hall. Mia had gone off to her detention with McGonagall and Hermione had gone off to the girls’ bathroom so she could stir the potion and get it ready.

They stopped just a few feet away from the Great Hall and placed the cakes on the ground before hurrying off to stand behind a pillar. Ron grabbed his wand and started to clear his throat to cast a spell when Harry reached out and stopped Ron.

“Maybe I should do it?” he asked and Ron looked at his broken wand before nodded and Harry waved his own. “Wingardium Leviosa,” Harry cast and the two cakes rose up into the air just as Goyle and Crabbe were coming out of the Great Hall, their arms filled with cakes.

They stopped when they saw the sweets floating in the air and grinned, greedily, at each other before they grabbed the cakes and bit into them. They enjoyed it till their eyes rolled up into the back of their head and they slumped to the ground, dead to the world.

“Just how thick could you get?” Ron asked, bewildered as he shook his head.

“Come on, we don’t have enough time,” Harry told him as they both rushed over and dragged each boys over to the nearest closest. They



pulled out some strands of the couple's hair before shutting the door and rushed back up the stairs to the girls' bathroom, where Hermione was stirring the potion.

"Did you get them?" she asked and both boys produced the hair. "Great," she lifted up three goblets and handed one to each boys before she grabbed the spoon and poured some of the potion into each. "Now, we have to add the hairs," she told them and they all added the hairs.

Ron grimaced when he saw his potion go a murky green colour and groaned.

"The essence of Crabbe," he moaned while Harry stuck his tongue out at the sight of his.

"Bottoms up," Harry told them and they clinked goblets before drinking them down. Hermione covered her mouth before she dropped her goblet and hurried into one of the stalls. Ron shook his head before he dropped his goblet and hurried into another one.

"I think I'm gonna be sick," he claimed.

Harry doubled over before he made his way over to the sink and dropped the goblet, causing it to shatter. He looked into the mirror and saw his face were twisting and bubbling as his skin fought to change its shape.

Harry closed his eyes to settle his rolling stomach before he opened them once more and found himself staring into Goyle's reflection. He lifted up his hand and touched his face in shock. He had heard of Polyjuice potion but had never seen the effect of it.

One of the stalls opened and he turned to see Ron/Crabbe coming out.

"Ron?" he asked.

"Harry?" he asked and Harry smiled slightly. "Bloody hell." Harry frowned.

“Hermione, hurry up!” Harry called out as they both waited for Hermione to come out of her stall.

“You two go ahead,” Hermione told them.

“Hermione?” Harry asked, concerned.

“I’ll be fine – you’re wasting time!” she called through.

“She’s right,” Ron told him. Harry was torn between finding out what was wrong with Hermione and satisfying Ron.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Harry called through the stall door.

“Yes! Now get moving!” she shot back and Harry backed off before they rushed out of the girls’ bathroom and made their way down to the Slytherin common room.

Harry pointed to his right.

“The Slytherin common room is down there,” Harry told him as they made their way down the corridor only to stop when they saw Percy making their way toward them.

“What the hell are you doing down here?” Ron/Crabbe demanded and Percy looked down his nose at him.

“I’m a prefect,” Percy informed him. “And you shouldn’t be wandering around the castle.”

“Goyle, Crabbe!” a male voice shouted and they turned to see Malfoy making his way over to them. “Where have you two been? I’ve been looking all over the place for you!”

“Hospital wing,” Harry/Goyle told him. “Must have ate something funny at dinner.” Malfoy nodded before he turned to see Percy standing there.

“And what do you think you’re doing?” Malfoy demanded and Percy arched an eyebrow at him.

"You do well to remember that I'm a prefect," Percy informed and Malfoy snorted.

"Get out of here, non Slytherin aren't allowed down here – you never know who is running around waiting to attack you lot," Malfoy informed him before he led Goyle and Crabbe away from Percy. "That guy needs to get his head out of his ass and stop acting like he the prime minister or something like that."

Crabbe/Ron snorted back his laughs as Goyle/Harry rolled his eyes as they came to a stop outside the portrait of the Slytherin common room.

"Pure Blood," Malfoy called out and the painting opened, allowing Crabbe and Goyle to step in after Malfoy.

They both looked around and were glad that they weren't in Slytherin. It was very dark and not completely welcoming. They made their way over to the two couches that sat across from each other in front of the fire.

"What do you think of the attacks?" Malfoy asked. "I haven't seen anyone in the papers talk about it - I suspect that they are hushing it up."

"Just wish that we knew who the attacker was," Goyle/Harry muttered and Malfoy snorted.

"Same here. I would help them. I even asked dad about who opened the chamber the last time but he refused to give me any details, but I can tell you this," Ron/Crabbe and Harry/Goyle leaned in, eager for information that could help him. "The last time a chamber was opened, a muggle born died."

"Do you know who?" Harry/Goyle asked and Draco shook his head.

"My dad wouldn't tell me, just told me that she got what she deserved," Draco informed him.

"I hope that if someone was to die this time, it would be that know it all mudblood Granger," Pansy snipped in and they all looked at her,

shocked. They were under the impression that Pansy had gone home for the holiday. All of a sudden Harry was glad that Hermione wasn't there with them.

"Pansy, I thought you went home," Draco told her and she waved her hand.

"I begged my parents to let me come back early. I didn't want to miss anymore attacks and I hope that Granger gets it next," Pansy told him. Harry/Goyle to jump up, ready to plant his fist into her face.

Ron/Crabbe got up and held Harry's arm while Draco also got up. He knew it was Ron and Harry under the disguise and he also knew how much Harry hated the degrading name for muggleborns.

"Maybe you should go back to the hospital wing," Draco suggested. "You don't look well Goyle."

"Maybe I will," Harry/Goyle, told him and they both left, leaving Draco hoping that Harry would be okay. Pansy wondered what the hell was up with the two idiots.

"Hermione, we're back!" Harry called out as he and Ron rushed into the bathroom and over to the stall that Hermione was occupying. They had changed back into their normal selves just a few minutes after they left the Slytherin Common room and was really to tell Hermione what they had found out.

"Go away!" Hermione shouted through, causing Harry and Ron to look at each other, confused. Surely the potion would have worn off already?

"Hermione?" Harry asked only for him and Ron to jump back when Moaning Myrtle popped out of the closed door.

"Wait till you see her!" she giggled, causing Harry to arch an eyebrow before he pushed the door open and soon the light filled the dark area, revealing Hermione.

Harry and Ron felt their jaw drop when they saw that Hermione wasn't Hermione anymore. Her face was furry and she had whiskers.

She had ears sticking out of head and her normal brown eyes were bright yellow.

“Remember when I told you that the Polyjuice potion was for human only?” Hermione reminded and understanding dawned on them. It wasn’t human hair that she had taken; it was cat hair.

“Hermione...” Harry trailed off, unable to say anything.

“Look at my face,” Hermione wailed before Ron smirked.

“Look at your tail!” Ron stated as he and Moaning Myrtle burst into laughter. Harry was torn between laughing and trying to find a way to bring Hermione back.

“Come on, we need to go to the hospital wing,” Harry told her and Hermione shook her head, fear coursing through her body. “Yes Hermione, she never asks too many questions anyway.”

“I don’t want to go,” she told him and Harry sighed.

“We need to,” he replied as he reached in and took a hold of her arm and gently pulled her out of the stall, coaxing her out.

“But what about everyone between here and the hospital wing?” she demanded and Harry sighed.

“Ron,” he called and Ron looked up. “Grab my invisibility cloak from my bag.” Ron nodded as he hurried over to the bag and pulled out the cloak before he handed it to Harry. “Put this over you but you better come with us,” Harry warned her and she nodded as she took the cloak and wrapped it around her, hiding her from view.

Both boys took up each side of Hermione and they led the way out of the Bathroom and on the way up to the hospital wing. Thankfully it seemed like all the students were in their common rooms so they were safe for the time being.

Harry and Ron opened the doors to the hospital wing and stepped in before closing the doors behind them. Madam Pomfrey came out, investigating the noise.

"Oh, it's you Mr. Potter," she told him and Harry shook his head.

"Not me," he told her before he grabbed the cloak and pulled it off Hermione's body with a fight, that he won and Madam Pomfrey just arched an eyebrow at the sight.

"Oh well," she sighed before she hurried over to the young woman and led her over to an empty bed.

A short while later Harry and Ron found themselves in the common room, sitting in front of a fire no closer to any answers when they heard the common room door opened and Mia came in.

"Hey, how did it go?" Mia asked as she made her way into the common room.

"Malfoy isn't the heir and he doesn't know who it is," Ron told her, glumly and Mia nodded.

"Hey, we expected it. Beside, do you really think that someone would go around bragging that they had been attacking muggle borns?" Mia asked and Ron shrugged.

"I was kinda hoping for a break through," he told her and she smiled.

"Yeah, hey, where's Hermione?" she asked as she looked around only for Ron to fight a grin from appearing on his face and Harry to sigh.

"The Polyjuice potion went wrong," Harry told her and she looked at him, curious. "Turned out that she had took cat hair instead of human."

"Oh my," Mia uttered as understanding dawned on her. "She turned into a cat?"

"Not completely. Her face went furry like a cat; she had a tail too. Everything of her was a cat except that she was still talking like a human and all that," Harry explained and Mia winced.

"She in the hospital wing?" she asked and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, Madam Pomfrey wasn't happy when she saw Hermione," Harry told her. "Said she'll be in the hospital for a short term till she had turned back to normal."

"And I bet Hermione kicked up a fuss about that," Mia stated.

"Sort of, she worried about her homework and her course work but she agreed when I told her that we would get her notes for her," Harry told her and Mia sighed.

"What the story that we're to tell the teachers?" Mia asked.

"That she contracted a flu. Madam Pomfrey will make sure that no one will get to see her," Harry explained.

"Great, let hope that Dumbledore and Snape doesn't get a hold of this. If they suspect us using Polyjuice potion, we'll be in major trouble," Mia told them and Harry laughed.

"When are we not in trouble?" he asked and she smiled back at him.

"Let's head to bed, I'm shattered," Ron told them and got agreements in return.

"Yeah, beside, we have plenty of classes to go through and looks like we're no closer to solving this mystery anytime soon," Mia told them and they headed up to their separate dormitories.

Hermione had been in the Hospital wing for several weeks and thanks to the attacks, rumours had been spread around the school saying that she had been the latest victim, much to Mia's annoyance. It ended up with a line of curious people trying to catch a glimpse of Hermione, which forced Mia into chasing them off and Madam Pomfrey setting up a screen around the bed to help the recovering witch.

"Do you know why no one seems to believe the flu story?" Ron asked and Harry shook his head.

"No, no matter how many times I tell it, they just look at me with this disbelieving look and walk off. Makes me want to put them into a wall."

How hard is it to believe that a muggle born girl has a flu that not even a potion can make go away in seconds?" he demanded and Ron shrugged.

"Have you seen Hermione?" Ron asked and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, Madam Pomfrey says she'll be out soon, once she stopped coughing up fur balls," Harry told him and Ron snickered slightly before they jumped when they heard a loud voice.

"NO MORE!" they looked around the corner and saw that Filch was furious. "All I do I mop, mop and mop. Well, we'll see about that!" with that, he stalked out of sight.

"Looks like Moaning Myrtle has flooded the bathroom again," Harry told Ron when they saw the water on the ground.

"Yeah," Ron muttered.

"Come on, let's see if we can figure out what ticked her off this time," Harry told him and they both ran along the watery ground before they made their way into the bathroom and saw Moaning Myrtle was sitting at the window, wailing.

All the taps were on, causing the flooding.

"Myrtle?" Harry asked and Moaning Myrtle turned to face him before a look of anger crossed her face.

"Come back to throw something else at me, have you?" she demanded as she swooped down.

"Why would I throw something at you?" Harry asked, incredulous at the accusation.

"Oh I don't know, like five points if you get it through her body," she plunged her hand through Ron's body. "50 points if you get it through the head," she plunged her hand into Ron's head, causing him to blanch.



“Did you see what was thrown at you?” Harry asked and Moaning Myrtle just waved her hand over in a general direction.

“They threw it over there,” she told him.

“Did you see who it was?” Harry asked and she looked at him, affronted.

“No, I was busy minding my own business,” she informed him, tartly before she continued on her way, wailing as she did.

“She’s barmy,” Ron told him and Harry smirked as he moved over to the wall and saw a small black book in one of the sinks. He picked it up and flipped through it only to see it was empty.

“That’s weird, why would anyone throw an empty book away?” Harry asked as Ron looked over his shoulder before he shrugged.

“Come on, we’ll ask Hermione. Maybe she could shed some light on it,” Ron suggested and Harry nodded as he placed the book into his bag and they both left the bathroom only to bump into Mia, who was running.

“Hey,” Harry greeted. “Why were you running?” he asked.

“Filch is in a bad mood. He caught sight of me and tried to take his temper out on me. Thankfully, Professor Flitwick came by and I managed to escape,” Mia explained. “Why were you in the bathroom?” she asked and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Moaning Myrtle flooded the bathroom because someone threw something at her. That’s why Filch was in a bad mood,” Harry explained.

“We found what was thrown at her but its empty so Harry wants to know why someone would throw an empty book away,” Ron told her.

“You going up to see Hermione?” she asked and got nods in reply. “Great, I’ll come up with you. It’s probably safer up there than it is down here.”

"Let's go," Ron told them and they made their way up to the Hospital Wing.

Hermione was sitting up in bed; her features had turned back to normal. All she had to do was wait till she stopped coughing up fur balls; then she would be able to get back to her normal schedules. She was looking over a book when she heard the door opened and turned to see Harry, Mia and Ron making their way over to her.

"Hey," she greeted. They smiled back at her as Mia sat on the chair to her right, Harry sat on the edge of the bed at her foot and Ron sat on the chair to her left, placing his hand on the bed when he felt something under the pillow.

"What the?" Ron muttered as his hand encountered something slightly hard. With a small frown, he spread his fingers out till he grabbed an edge and pulled it from under the pillow.

"No, don't!" Hermione started but it was too late. Ron brought the card up to his face only for disgust to show clearly on his face.

"You sleep with *this* under your pillow?" he demanded.

"What?" Harry asked as he moved closer to Ron only for his eyebrows to rise when he saw a picture of a grinning, winking Lockhart on the front. Ron opened it and they saw it was a get-well card from Lockhart. "You have got to be kidding me," Harry complained.

Hermione flushed as she grabbed the card and stuffed it back under her pillow.

"He's just being nice!" Hermione defended and Mia shook her head.

"Oh come on, he's beefing up his ego here!" Harry complained and Hermione sighed as she shot Harry a dark look.

"And I'm sure you don't mind when a certain female is beefing up your own," she shot back, just as darkly. Mia jumped in before a blood bath could start.

"I think we're getting off topic here," she jumped in and they looked at her. "We came here to see how Hermione was and what the diary could contain?" she reminded.

"Oh yeah!" Harry remembered before he pulled out the black book from his bag and handed it over to Hermione. "Moaning Myrtle threw a fit, she flooded the bathroom cause someone threw this at her. She never saw who it was."

"Hm, I wonder why they threw it away - there's nothing written in it," Hermione agreed with them as she flipped through the book. She suddenly snapped her fingers before she reached into her schoolbook and pulled out a small white rubber. "I got this in Diagon Alley, it's a revealers rubber," she explained as she rubbed the rubber hard on the page but nothing turned up.

"Maybe they couldn't be bothered to write in it and the person threw it away for no reason?" Ron suggested and Hermione shook her head.

"No, there's no point in that," Hermione told him before she turned to the back and saw it belonged to a T.M. Riddle.

"I remember that name – he got a shield 50 years ago for services of the school," Ron told them and Hermione sighed.

"Well, that doesn't help much," Hermione, told him before Mia leaned in.

"Maybe it does. I mean, wasn't it 50 years ago the chamber was last opened?" she reminded and Hermione's eyes lit up.

"Then that means whoever owned this diary could have information on it but there isn't anything in it and nothing seems to be working," Hermione told her and Mia sighed as she rested her back on the chair.

"The Polyjuice was a bust now this, we'll be lucky if we ever find out who it was!" she exclaimed and Harry raised his hands.

"We're all tired and overworked at the moment. How about we get some sleep and maybe we have a fresh idea on what to do next?" he suggested and Ron nodded in agreement.

"I'm agreeing. We have potions tomorrow and I doubt Snape will be pleased if I fall asleep during it," he told them.

"Oh no! That'll mean I'll be behind on my notes!" Hermione fretted, provoking Harry into laying a hand on her shoulder.

"Relax, I'll take notes for you," he told her and she nodded.

"Hermione, you are getting a free day from classes and you're worried about notes?" Ron asked before shaking his head. "Always knew you were mental." With that, he walked out with Mia rolling her eyes after him.

"Catch you later," she told Hermione before she hurried out of the hospital wing and Harry smiled down at her.

"Don't worry, I'll keep a leash on them, I've been doing it with Mia ever since she was born," he teased before he nuzzled Hermione's hair. He left with Hermione staring after him with a small smile.

Hermione just lay back on the back on the bed before she puzzled over the book once more. She had a feeling that things just got a lot more dangerous at Hogwarts for everybody.

TBC

## Chapter 11: Valentine, Secret and Quidditch.

Harry and Mia made their way down the stairs to get to the Great Hall. The last few months had been quiet and no body else had been attacked, much to the relief of the students and the teachers. Professor Sprout was nearly finished with the mandrakes – they were almost fully grown and soon the petrified victims would be back to their original state.

“Why do you think they stopped attacking?” Mia asked and Harry shook his head.

“I don’t know. Maybe they just gave up,” Harry suggested.

“Or maybe they’re waiting for everybody to drop our guard?” she suggested back and Harry shrugged, hoping that wasn’t the case.

They stepped into the Great Hall only to stop short at what they saw. Harry bolted back out of the Great Hall, closed the door behind him and looked around the area just to be sure that he was in the right place. Perhaps Hogwarts had pulled a trick on him? But he stepped back in and stood next to Mia.

“Oh...what?” Mia asked as she looked around, taking in her surroundings. Pink and white streamers were decorating the halls. On each wall there was two huge hearts in Pink and White. Confetti were dropping slowly onto the food while Lockhart himself stood up at the Head table, dressed in a pink outfit.

“Happy Valentine everybody!” he cheered.

Harry and Mia made their way over to the table and sat down only to see that Hermione was giggling slightly along with all of the girls. Ron was staring at Lockhart with a look of disgust like most of the boys.

“What the hell is he on?” Mia asked. Soon the Great Hall doors burst opened and everybody turned and they saw grumpy dwarfs dressed in pink and white dresses with wings on their backs, carrying crossbows.

“Meet my little cupids!” Lockhart shouted, excitement shining in his voice. “If you have a message you wish to pass on to your love heart, please let them know and they will deliver it for you.”

“Oh god, kill me,” Ron begged before he slumped his head onto the table. Harry winced as he looked at the ‘cupids’ before he shook his head.

“Let’s just finish our breakfast and get out of here,” he suggested.

“And I wanted to thank everyone who gave me my forty six cards,” Lockhart told them. “This is my surprise for you all.”

“Please tell me you were not one of the forty six!” Mia and Ron begged while Hermione just looked busy going through her bag. Harry rolled his eyes - he wasn’t going to bother feeling jealous. Hermione had explained that she couldn’t just get over her crush on the man and she couldn’t just drop the books because the majority of the boys didn’t like the man. She needed proof before she could attempt to change her mind about Lockhart and made it very clear that Harry was to drop it.

“This is wonderful day, isn’t it?” Mia asked, sarcastically and Ron snorted into his food while Neville choked on his drink. Dean and Seamus held back their snickers while Lavender and Parvati to look at her, brightly.

“Yes, it’s a wonderful day,” Lavender told her before she gazed, longingly, at Lockhart. The boys just fought back their snickers at Mia’s annoyance.

They all got up and made their way out of the Great Hall so they could get to their charms class when a bunch of dwarfs came swarming through the halls, causing everyone to jump to the sides to get out of the way before they were attacked.

“I have a song for Harry Potter,” one of the dwarf barked out as he scanned among the crowd. Harry just ducked behind a wall but he was too late to hide from the dwarf’s sharp eyes. “Come here you!” he chased after Harry, who took off down the hallway, determined to get to class before the dwarf could get anywhere him.

The dwarf, obviously tired of chasing Harry, flew lower and tackled Harry, causing Harry to trip and fall face down onto the ground. His hands shot out and he placed his weight on them before rolling so he could get back up to his feet and started running again.

He reached a corner and slid across the floor, trying to turn the corner hard, but he managed to stay on his feet as he continued running.

What he didn't know was that everyone else was running after him, enjoying the action that was happening.

The boy who lived was running from a dwarf.

Soon the dwarf decided that low tactics were needed before he snapped his fingers and Harry felt his feet slam together before he fell forward. He landed hard on the ground as his bag spilt, causing everything to fly out and land on the ground. The books clattered, the quills bounced, the ink shattered all over the book.

Harry turned on his back before he pulled out his wand and was about to point it at the dwarf when the dwarf pulled it out of his hand.

"Now, just sit there laddie while I sing you the song," the dwarf told him as he settled himself on Harry's stomach, pulled out a card and cleared his throat before he started singing.

*'His eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad,*

*His hair is as dark as a blackboard.*

*I wish he's was mine, he's really divine,*

*The hero who conquered the Dark Lord.'*

"Oh boy," Mia groaned out as she slapped her hand over her eyes. She knew who sent the valentine and had a feeling that Hermione wasn't going to be very happy about it. She looked at Ginny, who was wearing a hopeful look on her face before she looked at Harry, who pushed the dwarf off him and stood up, glaring at him.

“And you can tell whoever sent me that card that I’m not interested being with anyone because they see me as a damn hero,” he informed him. He scooped up everything in his bag before he took Hermione’s arm and led her down to charms while Ginny looked like she was about to cry. Mia shrugged as she and Ron followed after Harry.

Mia knew that she should like Ginny considering she was Ron’s youngest sister but there was something that put her right off of the red-haired girl. She couldn’t put her finger on it and she knew that Hermione felt the same way. Whether it was woman intuition or their elemental abilities, she didn’t know, but she had a feeling that it was going to get worse as they went along.

Harry found himself in the boys’ bedroom flipping through the diary they had found in Myrtle’s bathroom. He knew that there was something about the book but he couldn’t just put his finger on it. He had noticed when he arrived at Charms that the smashed ink didn’t drench the diary. All his papers and books were drenched in ink yet the Diary was left unscathed. The rest of his books were no longer covered in ink thanks to Professor Flitwick’s cleaning magic.

With a tinge of frustration, Harry picked up his quill and dipped it into the ink holder before poising it over the open diary on his lap. He waited for a second while he watched as drop of ink landed on the book before it was absorbed. With a puzzled frown, Harry wrote ‘*My Name Is Harry Potter*’. It stayed there for a second before it was absorbed in the book.

*“Hello Harry Potter, my name is Tom Riddle. How did you come by my diary?”*

*“Someone threw it away in the bathroom,”* Harry wrote back. *“I was wondering; do you know anything about the Chamber of Secrets?”*

*“Know? I was there when it happened – in fact, I was the person who caught the person responsible,”* The book told him. *“Let me show you.”* With a bright light, Harry felt himself being sucked into the book.

He landed on hard ground with a thud. Slowly, he got up and saw that he was in Hogwarts. He made his way over to the stairs and saw



people coming down with a covered stretcher. A hand fell out and Harry understood. It must be the person who had been killed when the Chamber was opened the first time.

He saw a teenaged boy standing near the edge of the stairs as he watched the people take the stretcher away from Hogwarts. Harry walked up the stairs till he came to a stop in front of an elderly man and he raised his eyebrow when he recognised him.

"Dumbledore," he muttered before he looked around and understood what was going on. He was in a pensive that this Tom Riddle had created, somehow, in his diary.

"Tom?" Dumbledore asked. "What are you doing? You know it's not safe to be around the castle."

"I had to see for myself," Tom replied and Dumbledore nodded. "Is it true when they say that they are going to shut down Hogwarts?" Tom asked. "Its just, I don't have anywhere else to go."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is true. If they don't find out who is behind the attacks, they will have no choice but to close down Hogwarts," Dumbledore told him.

"What if the person just stopped? You know, didn't continue on anymore?" Tom asked and Dumbledore peered at Tom.

"Is there anything you wish to tell me?" Dumbledore asked and Harry felt a sense of déjà vu. It felt the same when Dumbledore asked him if he had anything to tell the headmaster after he was caught at the scene of Justin and Nick.

"No, just asking," Tom, told him before he walked off, leaving Dumbledore behind, staring after him.

Harry followed Tom; curious to whom he thought opened the chamber in the first place. At last they reached a closed door and Tom opened it, revealing Hagrid and a large box.

"Tom," Hagrid greeted as Harry stared opened mouth at the 'attacker'.

"Hagrid," Tom answered. "It has gone too far now, you know that. It had killed someone."

"No, it wasn't him!" Hagrid protested. "He never hurt no one."

"Hagrid, monsters don't make good pets, you know that," Tom told him. "The least the Ministry could do is kill the monster for justice for the parents of the girl." He raised his wand and a bright light shot out, hitting the box.

A furry creature came out and scuttled out of the room. Harry jumped to the side when he saw it - it was large spider. Tom shot another spell at the spider but he was too late.

Hagrid made to go after his pet but Tom held his wand at Hagrid.

"It's over Hagrid. They'll expel you from Hogwarts and break your wand," Tom told him. Harry felt himself being sucked back out of the diary.

Ron came into the dormitory. He looked around and saw that Harry seemed to be sleeping when all of a sudden he bolted up, scaring Ron.

"Bloody hell Harry!" Ron exclaimed, his heart racing.

"The diary says it was Hagrid to set the monster in the chamber free!" Harry exclaimed once he jumped up from his bed and looked at Ron, wide eyed.

"What?" Ron demanded.

"Now we know why Hagrid never completed Hogwarts," Harry told him and Ron shook his head.

"But that's barmy. Hagrid can't be the Slytherin heir and he likes muggle borns so he wouldn't go around attacking them!" Ron told him and Harry agreed.

“So it means he had been set up but this Riddle, he’s not a good guy – he’s the one who said that he captured Hagrid,” Harry told him and Ron frowned.

“He sounds a lot like Percy. I mean, what gives him the right to assume Hagrid was the one who was attacking the muggle borns just because he had a creature stored away?” Ron asked.

“I don’t know but whoever opened the chamber wanted to frame him and they wanted me to believe that Hagrid was guilty,” Harry told him and Ron swore.

“Do you think that maybe Hagrid could answer some questions to what’s going on?” Ron suggested and Harry shrugged.

“We can’t go tonight. It’s too late and I have a Quidditch match tomorrow. Wood would kill me if I showed up tired and not on my game,” Harry told him.

“Great, we’ll tell the girls in the morning – they both went to bed,” Ron told him. Harry agreed before they both got ready for bed and climbed in.

“This isn’t looking good is it?” Ron asked after a few moments in the dark.

“No,” Harry replied and they lapsed back into silence.

The next morning, Harry and Hermione made their way down the stairs to go to the Quidditch pitch. Harry was already dressed in his Quidditch outfit and carrying his broom. Hermione kept sneaking looks at him. She couldn’t help but find him cute in his Quidditch outfit. She knew that Harry was getting annoyed with her little crush with Lockhart, which she had to admit, was diminishing over the weeks as she watched him. She only sent Lockhart a card because he was a teacher and he wouldn’t read anything more into it. Sending Harry one meant that she was acknowledging their feelings and it scared her.

She really liked Harry and she knew that he felt the same but at the same time she was frightened of ruining their friendship. She knew

that Harry had decided not to be bothered about Lockhart anymore and she was grateful for it, because sending Lockhart the card was the last hope she held on to about him being a true hero.

When she sent the card, she didn't feel anything. No excitement of how Lockhart would react to the card, nothing. And that told her that her crush on Lockhart was nearly finished and she could see more clearly about what the boys and Mia was seeing - Lockhart was basically a fraud. As much as it hurt her to admit that a book had lied to her, she felt freer than she did at the beginning of the summer and for the first time, she was glad that her crush on Lockhart was going down.

It made her appreciate Harry even more, even though he had been jealous of her crush. He hadn't turned away from her and she understood that Harry was going have admirers as they got older, but he hadn't given into Ginny. So it gave her hope that maybe there was still a chance for the two of them.

All she had to do was be careful how she reacted to all the admirers and make sure that she didn't fall for anymore-fake heroes.

"Harry!" a male voice shouted, causing Harry and Hermione to stop in their tracks. They saw Neville chasing after them.

"Neville?" Harry asked, concerned for the boy.

"I'm sorry, I don't know who did it," Neville told him. Harry shook his head, confused to where this was going before he followed Neville back up to the Gryffindor common room. They rushed up the stairs to the boys' dormitories and they saw Harry's bed was a mess.

Harry went through his trunk before he looked at Hermione.

"Riddle's diary is gone," he told her and she gasped. "We gotta get down to the Quidditch pitch. I'll deal with this later," he told Neville. Neville nodded as he left the room.

Harry and Hermione made their way back down the stairs once more.

"Only a Gryffindor could have stolen the diary. They're the only ones who have the password," she told him and Harry agreed.

"I know. That's why we have got to be careful. It looks like someone in Gryffindor might be the one who is opening the Chamber of Secret," Harry told her.

"I just wish that there was more information," Hermione told him.

Suddenly, Harry stopped in his tracks, causing Hermione to look back at him in concern.

"Harry?" she asked, frowning slightly.

"The voice just came back," he told her as he looked around and Hermione's eyes lit up with excitement.

"I think I just understood something," Hermione told him. She was about to rush off when Harry grabbed her arm.

"Whoa, where are you going?" he asked.

"The library. I'll have more information then," she told him and Harry shook his head.

"No way, I'm not letting you go alone. Not while this person still attacking Muggleborns," Harry told her.

"Harry, there hasn't been an attack in ages," she told him but Harry remained unchanged.

"No, not alone. Come with me to the Quidditch Pitch, watch the game and I'll come with you," Harry told her.

"Harry, I'll be fine," she told him but Harry was firm.

"I don't want you to be alone" He told her and Hermione smiled.

"Madam Pince will be in the library. I'll be fine," she told him before kissing his cheek and she hurried off, leaving Harry frustrated.

“Harry Potter, get down here now!” Wood shouted up to him and Harry let out a groan of frustration. He needed to get to the Quidditch match yet at the same time he wanted Hermione safe from what was happening yet no one was letting it happen.

“Harry?” Ron asked as he walked near Harry and Harry turned to him.

“Oh great! Listen, Hermione ran off to the library and I’m worried about her considering the fact the whole attacking thing going on. Could you go and check on her?” he asked and Ron nodded.

“Sure, meet you at the pitch,” Ron told him and Harry ran off, leaving Ron confused. All of a sudden a small white light hit the back of his head. Dazed, Ron looked around before shrugging and he continued on down the stairs, intent on getting to the Quidditch match to watch Gryffindor kick some butt.

Wood had finished giving out strategies that the team was to follow during the game so they all started to make their out of the tent.

“Remember to keep an eye on everybody with the bludgers. I don’t fancy them taking out anyone,” Wood told them and Fred laughed.

“Not to mention that they are scared that Harry will attack them if they go anywhere near him,” Fred spoke up. Harry chuckled while Wood agreed.

“And there’s that too,” he told them as they made their way out of the tactics room only to bump into Ron.

“Hey, have you seen Hermione?” Harry asked Ron and Ron shook his head.

“Not since you told me that she ran off to the library. Is she not in the stands?” Ron asked and Harry looked at him, confused.

“I told you go and check on her,” Harry told him and Ron shook his head.

“Harry, this is the first time I’ve seen you today,” Ron told him.

“No, you saw me like half an hour ago,” Harry told him. “I told you to go and check on Hermione because I was worried about her being alone in the library.”

“What about Mia?” Ron asked.

“No, I haven’t seen Mia either,” Harry, admitted.

“Maybe they’re together?” Ron suggested and Harry shrugged when a female voice shouted out.

“Harry!” Mia shouted as she ran over to him and Harry turned around.

“Mia?” he asked.

“It’s Hermione,” she told him with wild fear shining brightly in her blue eyes. “She’s been petrified!”

“What?” Harry demanded.

“Attention!” a female voice called out. “Everyone, please return to your common room – make way to your common room right now!”

“McGonagall found me. Hermione had been attacked coming from the library – she’s in the hospital wing right now. McGonagall cancelled Quidditch because of this,” Mia explained.

“You can’t cancel Quidditch,” Wood told her and Mia shrugged.

“McGonagall is really worried about this latest attack,” Mia told him. “You may not have a choice.”

They all made their way out of the Quidditch pitch when McGonagall hurried over to Harry.

“Mr. Potter, come with me,” she told him and he nodded as Ron and Mia followed him.

They made their way up to the Hospital wing and stepped in to see Madam Pomfrey going back and forth between two beds. One bed consisted of a Ravenclaw that Harry recognised as Penelope Clearwater, who often patrolled with Percy.

The other bed consisted of a very familiar girl.

“Hermione...” Harry breathed out as he sat down next to her. He reached out and touched her hand, feeling it stiff under his and he felt his heart clench. Whoever that was attacking Hogwarts had just made its fatal mistake. They picked on the person he cared about the most and he was going to get them for this.

“I don’t suppose you know what she was doing with this?” McGonagall asked as she lifted up a small mirror and Harry shook his head.

“I’m guessing she figured out what was attacking the students. She ran off to the library because of something I said. I had to get to Quidditch so I couldn’t go with her,” he explained.

McGonagall nodded. She knew that Hermione was the brightest student in her class and she wasn’t happy that Hermione knew what was attacking the students only for her to be attacked herself.

She watched as Harry continued to hold Hermione’s stiff hand. His eyes were slightly hard and had lost their usual softness. The professor had a feeling that Harry wasn’t very happy with the situation himself.

“Come on, I’ll take you back to the common room and tell you all what you have to do next,” she informed them. McGonagall could see that Harry was reluctant to leave Hermione, but he finally let her hand go and followed Ron and his professor out of the hospital wing.

They made their way into the Gryffindor Common room and stayed on the steps. Everyone watched as McGonagall told them the latest news.

“Two more students were attacked this afternoon. Miss Penelope Clearwater, a Ravenclaw prefect,” she told them and Harry noticed that Percy seemed a bit pale, “And one of our own, Hermione Granger.” A hushed whisper started up with some people looking at Harry, who just stared stonily ahead, ignoring everybody.



“Because of this latest attack, no student is allowed out alone without a prefect. Teachers will accompany students class to class. If we do not find the attacker, I’m afraid that Hogwarts will be closed...forever,” McGonagall told them before she left the Common Room.

Harry and Ron just looked at each other while Mia just looked heavenward.

“Why on earth is this happening - because we arrived at Hogwarts?” she asked, not getting an answer.

“We need to find out who is attacking everybody,” Ron told her. She nodded as everyone filtered out to their common room, not happy with the situation they were in.

Ron, Harry and Mia moved over to the couch and chairs next to the fire and settled themselves.

“That’s not going to be easy. So far anyone who does see the attack is petrified,” Mia pointed out. She nudged Ron and pointed to Harry. Ron looked and saw that Harry’s fists were clenched tightly while his green eyes were flaring slightly.

“Harry? You okay?” Ron asked.

“They picked the wrong person to attack this time,” Harry promised them as he stared into the fire.

TBC

## Chapter 12: Hagrid, Removal and the Truth.

"What's going on?" Draco asked as he, Harry and Mia hurried out of Hogwarts and melded themselves into shadows from any seeing eyes.

He was heading back to his common room after dinner when he was yanked out of the school by unseen eyes.

"We're heading down to Hagrid. Everything doesn't add up and I think that Hagrid might give us a few more answers," Harry told him.

"Erm, hello, Malfoy here. No one knows about us," Draco reminded.

"Blend yourself into the shadows. We need you there because of your dad. He told you some things and Hagrid might give us some more answers and maybe you could piece them together to give us a better idea of what is going on," Mia told him. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Fine," he told them and they hid under the invisibility cloak while Draco blended himself into the shadows. He had learned he could do this when he was younger. Sirius had told him it was part of his elemental abilities because Shadows were a part of Earth. It enabled him to move from place to place unseen. They made their way over to Hagrid's hut. "Hey, what happened to Ron?" Draco asked.

"He isn't well. Apparently he ate something that didn't agree with him - he's in the hospital wing at the moment. Madam Pomfrey thinks he just ate too much," Harry told him and Draco snorted back his laughter.

They arrived at the hut and Harry knocked on the door three times before there was a barking noise. The door, creaked, opened and they saw Hagrid standing there with a crossbow in his hands.

"Who's there?" he demanded and Harry pulled the invisibility cloak off him and Mia.

"Hagrid, it's us," he told Hagrid and the giant sighed as he stood to the side and let them through. Draco just continued to blend in with the surrounding so that no one would know that he was there.

“What are you doing wandering about the grounds?” Hagrid demanded. “You know it’s not safe.”

“Hagrid, why didn’t you finish Hogwarts?” Harry asked and Hagrid looked at him, shocked.

“How did you...” he trailed off before shaking his head. “It’s a long story,” he explained before another knocking came and he muttered under his breath. “Back under the cloak,” he ordered before he moved over to the door.

Harry and Mia slipped back under the cloak and watched as Hagrid opened the door to reveal a round man with grey hair and Dumbledore. The portly man didn’t seem too happy with the situation.

“Professor Dumbledore, Minister Fudge, to what do I own this visit?” Hagrid asked.

“That’s the minister of Magic,” Draco whispered to the two of them.

“Bad business Hagrid, all this attacking at Hogwarts,” Fudge told him and Hagrid paled slightly. “It’s got to stop.”

“I didn’t send any monster on them, you know that, Professor Dumbledore,” Hagrid pleaded to him and Dumbledore nodded.

“I want to Ministry to know that Hagrid has my full support behind him. I believe that he did not set the monster loose or open the chamber,” Dumbledore told him. Fudge sighed.

“I know but I’m sorry, the public has been screaming. They want something done and I have to do something. I’m sorry Hagrid, but you have to come with me,” Fudge told him and Hagrid paled even further.

“No, not...Azkaban,” Hagrid pleaded. All three kids paled at the word. They knew of the wizard prison. It was the worst place a wizard could be.

“I’m sorry,” Fudge told him. Hagrid hung his head when there was another knock at the door.

“Were you expecting any visitors?” Dumbledore asked Hagrid, who shook his head. Fudge went over to the door and opened it only this time a tall blonde man stepped into the hut. Draco felt his face pale when he saw the man.

“Dad,” Draco whispered. Mia and Harry just watched, wondering what Lucius Malfoy would be doing.

“Get out of my house!” Hagrid roared and Malfoy looked at him.

“Oh don’t worry, I won’t be staying long in this...” he looked around, he paused at the same area where Harry and Mia were hidden by the cloak and they felt their heart stop briefly when he shook his head and turned back to Hagrid. “Delightful house, as you call it. I just came here to give Professor Dumbledore some papers.” He thrust a roll of parchment to Dumbledore, who took it and unrolled it.

“What is it, Professor Dumbledore?” Fudge asked.

“It’s a vote, it seems the board wish to remove me from Hogwarts,” Dumbledore informed them.

“Oh that’s great, they’re stealing my plans,” Mia hissed to Harry, who just rolled his eyes.

“You can’t!” Hagrid roared but Dumbledore placed a hand on his arm.

“Calm yourself, Hagrid. Of course I will stand aside but please note that I will only be removed from Hogwarts when none are loyal to me,” Dumbledore informed them before he left the hut. Hagrid caught on.

“Yeah, and if anyone who really wants the truth, all they have to do is follow the spiders. That’ll put them straight. Follow the spiders,” Hagrid told them before he left with Fudge.

Lucius Malfoy looked around the hut with suspicious eyes before he left, shutting the door behind him as he went.

“Does he really think we’re loyal to him?” Mia demanded as she and Harry yanked the cloak of them and Draco came back into view.

“No, it’s the school. The students are still loyal to Dumbledore,” Draco explained before he shook his head. “They removed Dumbledore – now there’s going to be an attack a day!” Draco exclaimed and Mia sighed.

“Wait a minute,” Harry told them and they looked at him. “Hagrid said follow the spiders.”

“If you think I’m following the spiders, you’re out of your mind,” Mia informed him.

“But this way, we could get answers to what the hell is going on in the school and find a way to who attacked Hermione,” Harry told her and she glared at him.

“You all like to drive a hard bargain. Is this because I pulled you into the bet?” she demanded and Harry rolled his eyes.

“No, come Mia – we need all the extra powers we can get,” he told her and she rolled her eyes.

“Fine.” With that they hurried out of the hut and looked around till they spotted a trail of spiders heading toward the...

“Oh fuck no, not the forbidden forest!” Draco swore.

“Are we going to end up in the Forbidden forest every year?” Mia demanded.

“Come on!” Harry hissed to them as he grabbed a lantern from Hagrid’s hut and pulled Fang after him. He started chasing a spider, causing Draco and Mia to look at each other before they followed Harry.

They made their way through the dark forest while keeping an eye out for anything that could attack them.

“I don’t suppose there aren’t any werewolves?” Draco asked and Mia shook her head.

"They don't go near the school. They know that they are more likely to attack a student or a teacher so they stay away from public areas as much as they can."

"Don't forget a certain werewolf who likes to change children," Harry called back and Draco's feature darkens.

"He's been coming round lately, I think he suspects something," Draco told them.

"Don't worry, he'll be put down like the mangy dog he is," Harry told him as they moved further into the forest.

"Did you happen to see what Hagrid was holding in the box?" Mia asked.

"Kinda, I know it's a spider," Harry told her and she scoffed.

"I don't suppose you how big it is?" Harry snorted.

"How big can a spider get?" he asked and Mia shrugged.

"We're in a forbidden forest that next to a school that teaches magic. Why don't you take a guess?" Mia asked. Harry didn't answer her, but just continued on to follow the spiders as it led him deeper and deeper into the forest. Finally they came to a large section of webs surrounding the trees and they knew that they had arrived at the right place.

There were clickers all over the place and Harry realised that the spiders were talking to each other when there was a loud groan.

"Hagrid?" a croaky clicking voice asked.

"We're Hagrid's friends," Harry called out.

"Friends? Hagrid never sent men into our home before," the rough voice stated as there was some noises and they took a step back when they saw a huge spider standing.

"That's how big a spider could get," Mia hissed at Harry.

"Hagrid is in trouble, that's why we've come," Harry told him. "They say he opened the chambers of secret again."

"That's a lie!" the spider shouted, causing the ground to rumble slightly. "I came to Hagrid from the pocket of a traveller. He looked after me and brought me up, naming me Aragog. I was the creature that Hagrid hid in a box, I never harmed nobody."

"So that means you never attacked a student?" Harry asked, wanting to make sure.

"No, I never saw any part of the castle except from the small cupboard that I was in. The young girl was killed in a bathroom," Aragog told him and Harry nodded. That matched what Lucius Malfoy had told Draco.

"Do you know what the creature is that attacks the students?" Harry asked but apparently that was the wrong thing to say. Aragog became very angry.

"We don't speak of it!" Aragog snapped.

"That means it's very bad," Draco told him and Harry nodded in agreement. What they didn't know was that Aragog's children had been surrounding them while they were talking, waiting in eager anticipation to have fresh meat.

"Okay, thanks, we'll just leave," Harry, told him and Aragog stood up a little straighter.

"Go?" Aragog asked and Harry nodded. "But I can't let you do that."

"What?" Draco demanded.

"My children don't hurt Hagrid on my command but I can not deny them fresh meat when it wanders willingly into our mist," Aragog told them and Mia snorted.

"Not willingly," she muttered under her breath as she and Draco moved backward, wands out in front of them.

“This is not good, there’s not enough spells to take them all out and we haven’t practiced our elemental abilities,” Draco told Harry.

“And we can’t out run them,” Mia added in when all of a sudden there was a roar.

They turned to see bright lights heading toward their way when it came to a screeching halt and Harry let out sigh of relief when he recognised the car.

“That’s the car Ron and I drove at the beginning of term,” Harry shouted at them as they moved over to the car and jumped in. Draco grabbed Fang and pulled him into the car before slamming the door shut just as a spider lunged itself at them. He was more than ready to get out of the forest.

Mia tried turning the engine but it kept stalling.

“Oh come on, don’t do this to me,” she pleaded as she kept turning the engine.

“Mia, you might want to kick it,” Draco advised as he watched the spiders get closer to them.

“She’s just being stubborn, if I give her enough love, she will work for me,” Mia told him as she turned the engine once more only for it to roar for life. “Told you!”

Harry and Draco watched as a large spider geared itself jump to jump at the car before they turned to Mia.

“GO!” Harry and Draco shouted as one – Mia pushed down the gear, spun her body around so she was holding the head rest and was able to look out the back window and the front window before she slammed her feet onto the pedal of the car and twisted on the steering wheel, causing the car to drive backward as fast as she could.

She twisted the steering wheel, causing the car to spin around. Harry and Draco were flung against the windows before she pushed the



gearing stick forward and pressed hard on the pedal, causing the car to shoot across the forest as the spiders followed at them.

"This is the last time I go in the forbidding forest with you two!" Draco snapped and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Just get us out of here," Harry told Mia, who shot him a glare.

"What do you think I'm doing? Skating?" she shot back and Harry threw up his hands only for the car to thump when a spider dropped down on top of it.

Draco looked behind him out of the rear window.

"The spiders are getting closer," he told her and Mia growled.

"We're demanding dad to get us a start on elemental magic," Mia informed them before pressing harder on the pedal. Their eyes widened when they saw a fallen tree blocking the path.

"Put us in the air!" Harry shouted as Mia struggled with the gears stick.

"It's stuck!" Mia shouted back, causing Harry and Draco to lean over and pull at the gears before it suddenly jerked and they found themselves flying into the air, leaving the spiders behind.

Draco and Harry let out a sigh of relief as they rested themselves on the chairs, relaxing as Mia steered the car out of the wood and on to Hogwarts ground.

All three of them rushed out of the car with Fang only for the cars to slam its doors shut and drove back off into the forbidden forest once more. The three of them stood staring after it before Draco finally lost his temper.

"Follow the spiders? Follow the spiders?" Draco demanded before he looked at Harry and Mia. "If Hagrid ever gets out of Azkaban, I will kill him myself!"

"Put it this way, we know that Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets," Mia told them and Harry sighed.

“But we are no further nearer to figuring out who did! Now Hermione is petrified, who to say that whoever is doing it won’t come back after their victims again?” Harry asked.

“Wait a minute,” Draco started and they looked at him. “Aragog mentioned a girl died 50 years ago due to the Chamber of Secrets,” Draco told them and they nodded, still not getting it. “What if she never left the bathroom after all?” Draco asked.

Harry and Mia looked at each other as understanding dawned on them.

“Not Moaning Myrtle!” they both complained.

TBC

## Chapter 13: Answers revealed and Backfires.

"I really wish you were here," Harry whispered as he sat down on the bed next to Hermione. "We could really use your help." He stroked his thumb on the back of her hand.

Ron sat on the other side of the bed while Mia sat next to Harry on a chair. All three of them were staring at Hermione, who was still petrified.

"She'll wake up soon," Mia told him. "Madam Pomfrey has been getting everything ready for the mandrakes because Professor Sprout swore that they are nearly ready to be taken out."

"I know, but it doesn't stop it from being so frustrating," Harry replied.

"We know mate," Ron told him before he looked at his watch and sighed. "I need to get back to the common room. The twins have been worried about Ginny and they want to talk to me about it." They nodded as he left the hospital wing. Mia looked back at Harry before she stood up and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm going to get Draco. Screw hiding everything - he deserves to be here," Mia told him. Harry smiled gratefully as she left the Hospital wing, leaving him alone with Hermione.

"You'll need to get better soon. If you don't, you'll miss more class work," he teased weakly before his shoulders slumped. He needed to hear Hermione's voice, to hear her laugh and her scolding when he didn't do his homework.

Ginny came in and sat next to Harry before she pulled her chair closer to him.

"Are you okay?" Ginny asked. Harry looked at her, startled. He shook his head as he turned back to Hermione.

"No, they picked the wrong person to mess with this time. No one attacks Hermione and gets away with it," Harry informed her. Ginny paled slightly.

"She'll be fine," Ginny tried to assure as she placed her hand on Harry's arm but moved it away when she felt it stiffen under her hand.

"Still doesn't matter. She shouldn't be in here in the first place," Harry replied; coldly as he reached over and brushed back some of Hermione's hair. "She is going to freak when she finds out how much class work she has missed," he said fondly as a small smile touched his face. Ginny just frowned.

"Isn't that a bit boring of her?" Ginny asked. "I mean, there is more to life than studying." Harry looked at her, insulted.

"Studying is what makes Hermione, Hermione. I love it when she goes into her study mode. It's one of the reasons why I'm attracted to her. She breathes in books and learning - it's a passion for her," Harry said coldly before he turned back to the petrified girl. "I want to see that passion again."

Ginny just got up and left the hospital wing as tears filled her eyes. She thought that she could comfort Harry but he made it pretty clear that he wanted Hermione to comfort him, not her.

Ginny ran down the corridors, wanting to get away from the hospital wing. She needed to send a message and let them know that their plan had just gotten harder in getting Harry away from Hermione. They didn't want Harry and Hermione to get together and were trying everything they could to prevent it from happening. It seemed, however, like that fate was stepping in and giving Harry and Hermione a helping hand.

Mia made her way back into the Hospital wing with Draco. They made their way over to Harry and Hermione.

"Hey, I saw Ginny bolt it out of here like she just caught fire," Mia told him and Harry looked at her.

"I think she came here to give me comfort but she insulted Hermione. I'm afraid that I wasn't very polite with her," Harry informed them.

They nodded as they sat down, surrounding Hermione.

“Do you have any ideas what to do next?” Draco asked from where he was sitting on a chair on Hermione’s right side. Harry shook his head.

“She was coming back from the library when she was attacked. We can’t figure out what she was researching when she was there,” Harry explained. Draco stared at the ceiling thoughtfully.

“There has to be something we can do. I mean, whoever is doing the attacking picked out their victims. Who’s to say that they won’t come back and try it again?” Mia asked. Harry looked at her, sharply - obviously he hadn’t thought of that.

“You’re right,” he frowned, drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair.

“What are you thinking?” Draco asked. He recognised the signs of Harry suddenly recalling something that didn’t fit when he wanted it to fit.

“It’s just, when Hermione went off to the library, I asked Ron to go and check on her and make sure that she was safe. He promised that he would, but he came to the Quidditch pitch he swore to me that was the first time we spoke that day,” he explained. Draco frowned.

“So what? Do you think someone made him forget?” Draco asked and Harry nodded.

“I mean think about it. Muggle borns are being attacked and I know that Ron would have gone with Hermione just to keep me happy, yet he didn’t go. He said that he hadn’t seen me at all yet we spoke a few minutes before he turned up,” Harry told them.

“Memory charm?” Mia asked and Harry nodded.

“Why not? I mean, this attacker, they have to pick out their victims right? I mean, they’re not going around doing random attacks,” Harry told them and Draco’s eyes widened.

"You think that someone deliberate memory charmed Ron into forgetting that he was to go and check on Hermione so they could attack her?" Draco asked.

"Yes," Harry told him but Mia frowned.

"Why? Wouldn't they know that they were going to be picking on the wrong person?" Mia asked. "A lot of people saw you lose your temper when Pansy called Hermione that degrading name so they know that you are not going to be happy about the attack. Why risk that? Why risk attacking Hermione Granger, the best friend of the boy who lived?"

"Maybe it's the other way round?" Draco asked and they looked at him questioningly. "Think about it - Colin was irritating Harry by taking pictures every second, Justin was bad mouthing Harry, and Filch got Harry into trouble at the beginning of the year. Maybe it's connected to Harry in a way we never thought. I think the attacker is doing it to help Harry," Draco told them.

"Hermione?" Harry demanded.

"She's the one female that you're attracted to. Why not get her out of the way and place someone else there," Draco suggested.

"Nick? Penelope? I'm pretty sure that none of them annoyed Harry," Mia pointed out and Draco shook his head.

"Nick was found with Justin - it could be possible that he was talking to Justin when they were attacked. He could have been an innocent bystander. Penelope - didn't you say that Hermione was found with her? Maybe Hermione found some way to deflect the attacker but Penelope got caught in the crossfire," Draco explained.

Harry just took Hermione's clenched hand in his own again when he felt something scratchy along his palm. Puzzled, he examined her fist and saw she had been grasping a piece of paper when petrified.

"Harry?" Mia asked as Harry reached into her hand and slowly tugged the paper out, coaxing it out so it would tear till it finally came loose. He lifted it up and read it out loud.

*“One of the many fearsome beasts and monsters that roam our land there is none more curious or more deadly than the basilisk, known also as the King of Serpents. This snake, which may reach gigantic size and live many hundreds of years, is born from a chicken’s egg hatched beneath a toad. Its methods of killing are most wondrous, aside from its deadly and venomous fangs, the basilisk has a murderous stare, and all who are fixed with the beam of its eye shall suffer instant death. Spiders flee before the Basilisk, for it is their mortal enemy, and Basilisk flees only from the crowing of the rooster, which is fatal to it,”* Harry recited and noticed that Hermione had wrote the word ‘pipes’ underneath the paragraph. His eyes lit up in understanding as Mia and Draco looked at each other, the same truth dawning on them.

“I gotta get Ron!” Harry exclaimed. “Stay here and look after her - I don’t want the attacker getting a second chance at her.” With that he ran out of the hospital wing, hell bent intent on finding Ron so they could find some way to get the truth to a teacher.

“Whoa,” Ron exclaimed, obviously not understanding how Harry saw this fit into everything that’s been happening. “How can you be so sure?” he asked.

“Because the spiders have been fleeing – you saw them, they all left the Castle. Roosters have been killed off, Hagrid had been complaining about it. It explains the voice that I have been hearing all over the castle – the Basilisk is a snake and as I’m a Parseltongue, I understand it,” Harry explained.

“What about the people who have been petrified? I mean, it did say that the stare kills, you know,” Ron informed him.

“Colin only saw it through his camera. You only see a reflection of what you are taking a picture of. Justin saw the stare through Headless Nick so he never got the full effect. Nick is a ghost so he can’t die again. Hermione and Penelope were found with a mirror - I bet you that Hermione were looking around corners with the mirror to tell when the snake was coming,” Harry informed him. Ron just looked at him, doubtfully.

“And Mrs. Norris?” Ron asked. “I’m pretty sure she didn’t have a mirror.”

“No, but she had a pool of water, remember? So that meant she saw the Basilisk’s reflection,” Harry told him.

“Wait a minute, how the basilisk getting around then? I mean, something that big, surely someone would have seen it,” he pointed out. Harry smirked as he lifted up the piece of paper and showed it to Ron, showing the neat writing that Hermione wrote.

“Pipes, the basilisk has been using the pipes, Ron – that’s why I’ve been hearing it all around the school,” Harry told him. Ron paled as he looked around the entire building surrounding him.

“Oh great,” he moaned out before a thought hit him and he clutched Harry’s arm. “And the entrance...” he trailed off and Harry nodded.

“The entrance is in the girls’ bathroom on the second floor,” Harry told him. “Come on, we have to warn the teachers,” as they hurried through the corridors to find a teacher when a loud voice called over the walls.

“All students return back to their common house, all teachers – please go to the second floor!” it shouted.

“Come on!” Harry exclaimed and they hurried their way to the second floor and saw the teachers surrounding the wall.

“Look!” McGonagall exclaimed. Harry and Ron peered round the corner and saw the saying ‘Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever,’ right under the first message that had been there since Halloween. “A student has been taken into the chamber by the monster itself!” she cried.

“Who is it?” Professor Flitwick asked.

“Ginny Weasley,” McGonagall told them and Ron slumped against the wall in order to hold himself up.

“Ginny,” he whispered under his breath.



Soon there were hurried footsteps. Harry peeked back round the corner and saw that Lockhart was breathing heavily as he moved closer to the teachers surrounding the wall.

“Sorry about that, I was getting ready for my...next class,” Lockhart told them. The teachers just rolled their eyes. “So, what happened?” he asked and Snape hit up on an idea.

“It’s a good thing you are here. A girl has been snatched by the monster and taken into the chamber. This is your moment to shine!” Snape told him.

“Me?” Lockhart asked, going somewhat white.

“Yes, weren’t you telling me that you knew where the Chamber of Secret was all this time and how you regretted that you couldn’t stop the monster?” McGonagall asked, catching on to Snape’s plan.

“I did?” Lockhart asked, gulping slightly.

“There’s not a moment to lose!” Flitwick squeaked out. “You best get a move on if you wish to save the school!”

“Oh...yes...” Lockhart trailed off, unable to deal with what was happening. “I’ll get to my room and get ready,” he told them before he walked off.

“Now that’s him out of the way,” Snape muttered. “What are we going to do now?” he looked at McGonagall, who only shook her head.

“The only thing we can do. Tell the students to pack because after this incident there’s no way that Hogwarts will be allowed to stay open,” she told them. The group of professors walked off to deal with their students.

Harry growled. “Mia is going to kick my ass if I let that happen,” he muttered under his breath before he turned around to face Ron and grabbed his arm. “Come on, Lockhart may be an idiot but he could try and stop this monster – the least we could do is supply him the evidence,” Harry told him as they both hurried toward the vain professor’s room that was in the DADA Classroom. All teachers had

their own room at the back of their classroom so it was easier for the students to know where the teachers were when they needed them.

Harry and Ron rushed through the class and into the private chamber, where they saw Lockhart packing everything away like mad.

"Professor Lockhart, we know where the chamber is!" Harry exclaimed only to stop and look around before he arched an eyebrow. "Are you going somewhere?" Harry asked as he saw all the packed trunk.

"Yes, sorry. It's urgent," Lockhart told them as he thrust a pile of wigs into his trunk.

"What about my sister?" Ron demanded and Lockhart looked up at him.

"I'm sorry but there was nothing in the Defence Against the Dark Arts contract saying that I had to do this," Lockhart told them.

"You did all those things!" Harry shouted.

"Books can be misleading," Lockhart shot back and Harry snorted.

"You wrote the books!" Harry pointed out and scoffed. "Is there anything you can do?" he demanded and Lockhart puffed out his chest.

"Now you mention it, I am rather gifted with memory charms," Lockhart told him. "I couldn't have people going around and saying that I never did the things - I would have never sold another book!"

"Meaning, you stole people's heroics and passed them off as yours," Harry concluded and Lockhart sneered.

"And I'm afraid that I'll need to do the same to you," he told them as he lifted his wand only for Harry to send it flying backward.

"Shouldn't have taught us the spell," Harry retorted. Lockhart just looked at him, now scared. "Now, we know where the Chamber of Secrets is and as we're not allowed to go through the corridors

ourselves. It looks like you just volunteered to protect us.” He grabbed Lockhart’s arm and shoved him forward. “Now, to the girls’ bathroom on the second floor.”

They made their way into the bathroom and saw that Moaning Myrtle was floating about, moaning and wailing to herself.

Harry moved forward.

“Myrtle,” he called out and Myrtle stopped and turned to see that Harry, Ron and Lockhart were staring up at her and she scowled.

“Oh, it’s you again,” she muttered. “What do you want now?”

“To ask how you died,” Harry told her and she lit up like someone had given her a present for her birthday.

“Ooh!” she squealed before she swooped down in front of Harry. “It was horrible. I was hiding in here because Olive Hornby was teasing me about my glasses. I was in the stall when I heard this funny language. I thought it was a boy so I opened the stall door to tell him to go and use his own toilet but then I found myself staring into those bright yellow eyes and I knew no more,” she told him.

“Where did those eyes comes from?” Harry asked and Myrtle nodded her head over to the circle of sinks.

“Over there, from one of the sinks,” she told him and Harry moved forward.

“This is it Ron. This is the entrance to the Chamber of Secret,” Harry told him.

“Saying something in Parseltongue,” Ron encouraged and Harry nodded as he looked around the taps till his fingers hit a snake pattern. Harry took a deep breath.

“Open,” he commanded, he looked at Ron, who shook his head.

“English, sorry,” Ron told him and Harry closed his eyes and envisioned a real snake in front of him before he hissed out the word open.

A rumbling sound started up, causing Harry to take a step back. The top of the sinks lifted away and each sink pulled apart from each other till one slid down into the ground before a metal grate shot out. Harry peered in and saw darkness.

“Now, you don’t need me,” Lockhart told them as he tried to back away but found two wands pointing at him.

“You first,” Harry informed him before he motioned his wand to the hole. Lockhart moved over to it and looked down.

“Are you sure you don’t want to go first?” he asked, fear entering his voice.

“You’re the defence against the dark arts teacher,” Ron reminded him before Harry shoved the vain professor into the hole, who went down screaming like a girl.

Ron and Harry leaned over and listened till they heard a loud thud.

“Its really quite filthy down here,” Came a disgusted voice and Harry smirked.

“He’s alive, us next,” Harry told Ron. Moaning Myrtle called out to the boys.

“Oh Harry,” she crooned and he looked up at her. She gave him a shy smile. “If you die down there, you’re welcome to share my toilet,” she simpered and Harry shot her a weak grin.

“Thanks Myrtle,” he told her before he jumped into the hole with Ron right after him.

They both landed and saw that Lockhart was looking around the area. The boys brought up their wands while examining at the ground. Ron could see hundreds of bones.

“What is this?” Ron demanded.

“Animals bones. The basilisk has been feeding on small animals,” Harry explained. Lockhart let out a disgusted groan.

“This is really quite horrible,” he informed them.

“Welcome to reality of saving people’s lives,” Harry informed him. He moved ahead of them and looked around the large tunnel.

Soon Harry spotted something large and scaly near the centre of the tunnel. He made his way over to it while Lockhart and Ron watched him.

“Harry, what is that?” Ron asked as Harry ran his hand over the stuff. Lockhart peered at it.

“Looks like is a sort of skin,” Lockhart told them.

“Actually, it’s a shed snake skin – it must be over 20 feet, at least but as each snake sheds, they actually grow a few more inches,” Harry explained. Lockhart felt all faint before he slumped to the ground.

Harry looked up, startled, and saw that Lockhart was on the ground while Ron just stared at him before he looked at Harry.

“Heart of a lion,” Ron muttered, sarcastically. Lockhart yanked his wand out of Ron’s hand and held it up at them.

“Tough luck boys,” he told them. “The adventure ends here now. I’ll take a bit of snake skin up with me and tell that I was too late to save the girl and that you two tragically lost your mind at the sight of her mangled body.” He waved his wand. “Obliviate!”

A bright light shot out from Ron’s wand, but not from the wand’s point, but from the where the wand was broken. The spell shot back and hit Lockhart instead, sending him flying backward till his back hit the wall and he fell to the ground.

Soon a rumbling sound started up and Harry understood.

“Cave in!” Harry shouted at Ron and they both jumped out of way as the rocks came tumbling down in the middle, separating Harry and Ron from each other.

“Harry!” Ron called out. Harry lifted himself up, coughing and shaking his head, causing dust and bits of rocks to fall away from his hair.

“I’m alright,” Harry called back. He made his way over to where the rocks were creating a barrier. “It’s blocked.”

Ron let out a frustrated groan before Lockhart lifted himself up and looked around his surrounding before looking at Ron.

“This is a strange place, do you live here?” he asked and Ron looked at him like he had grown two heads.

“No,” Ron told him and Lockhart nodded.

“Who are you?” he asked and Ron’s arched an eyebrow.

“Ron Weasley,” he told him and Lockhart nodded.

“Who am I?” he asked and it dawned on Ron what had happened.

“Harry, Lockhart’s memory charm has backfired on him, he doesn’t know who he is!” Ron explained. Harry rested his head on the rocks, fighting back laughter.

“Okay,” Harry shouted back while Lockhart picked up a rock.

“This does seem a good place to live, doesn’t it?” he asked and Ron rolled his eyes. The red-headed boy grabbed the rock and whacked it across the back of Lockhart’s head, knocking him out.

“What do I do?” Ron asked.

“I’ll go on ahead. You try and clear a path for Ginny and I to get through when we come back,” Harry told him.

“Okay,” Ron shouted back.

Harry continued on as he made his way through the dark chamber, till he came to a stop when he saw a large semi-circular stone door. He walked up to it and pressed his hands against, realising that it was the final entrance to the chamber. He could finally meet the person who opened the chamber and attacked Hermione.

TBC

## Chapter 14: Tom Riddle, Revelations and battle.

Harry stood back from the stone door leading to what he assumed was the Chamber of Secrets.

“Open,” he commanded in a hiss and the snakes pulled away from the door, unlocking it before it finally opened. Harry stepped through and saw Ginny near the far end of the room, lying near a large puddle.

Snakeheads were covering the place while water covered a majority of the chamber. Harry snorted – this was the chamber Salazar Slytherin had made? He had expected something a bit more dramatic but was disappointed.

Harry made his way toward Ginny, keeping an eye out to who opened the chamber till he reached the girl and touched her hand. She was cold. He reached out to get his wand only to find out that it was gone.

Startled, Harry looked around for his wand only to see a young boy of sixteen standing in front of him. A very familiar young boy of sixteen.

“Tom?” he asked and Tom Riddle smiled. “How are you here?” Harry asked, curious to how the young wizard was in the Slytherin Chamber, still a sixteen-year-old boy when the last time he was in Hogwarts was 50 years ago.

“From the diary,” Tom told him and Harry arched an eyebrow before he looked at Ginny, who had the diary tucked under her arm. He looked at Tom, understanding dawning on him, and Tom smiled as he watched Harry. “Yes, it was Ginny who wrote the message on the walls. She was the one who opened the chamber,” Tom boasted and anger flared into Harry’s eyes.

“And the one who set the basilisk on everybody?” he demanded and Tom gave a cold smile.

“I told her to set the basilisk, she’s the one who picked the victims – the Mudbloods,” Tom informed him.

Harry closed his eyes as Draco’s words washed over him.



“Shit,” he cursed softly under his breath.

“So, how did you manage to get her to do that?” Harry asked and Tom smirked.

“My diary - she’s been writing in it all year. Once I got a little stronger, I started feeding my soul into her – thus me getting stronger and she is getting weaker,” Tom explained. “But I’m much more fascinated by you. How you managed to defeat the greatest wizard in world.”

Harry just looked at him, puzzled.

“What the hell are you on?” Harry demanded, confused about the ‘Greatest Wizard in the world’ statement.

“Tell me, Harry Potter, how is it that you were able to escape Voldemort as a mere baby?” Riddle hissed and Harry frowned at him.

“Why would you be interested in Voldemort? He was after your time!” Harry exclaimed and Tom sneered.

“Voldemort is my past, present and future,” Tom told him as he turned to the air and used Harry’s wand and wrote Tom Marvolo Riddle on the air.

Meanwhile, back in the hospital, Mia’s head snapped up with a gasp and Draco looked at her from the other side of Hermione. Mia had been racking her brain about the link between Voldemort and Riddle. Riddle had said that he caught Hagrid, who he believed opened the chamber but she knew it was Voldemort when Tom Riddle’s name changed in her mind, forcing her to make the link.

“Mia?” he asked.

“Tom Marvolo Riddle,” she started. “I am Lord Voldemort.” She looked at Draco with fear shining in her eyes as Draco rocked back in shock from what had been revealed to him.

“You’re Voldemort!” Harry exclaimed when Tom rearranged the wording of his name into I am Lord Voldemort.

"Yes, the greatest sorcerer in the world!" he exclaimed and Harry snorted.

"Not that great if you got killed by a one year old baby," Harry informed him and Tom glared.

"Fine Potter, let see how well you can do against the Salazar Slytherin's heir and the Basilisk!" Tom shouted as he waved the wand. The spell caused the statue of a man's face to open and the basilisk to come out. "Don't bother talking in Parseltongue to it; it'll only obey the heir."

"Oh, that's not a twenty foot basilisk!" Harry exclaimed as he saw the gigantic snake. It was at least 30 feet in length.

"Get him!" Tom hissed in Parseltongue and Harry started running. There was nothing else he could do. A basilisk's stare could kill, no matter what he did.

"What the hell am I going to do now?" Harry muttered under his breath before an idea hit him. He took a deep breath and sent out all his energies into calling out for something when he heard a shrilling tune. He looked up and saw Fawkes coming through the tunnels and into the main area, carrying the sorting hat in his claws before he dropped it down.

Tom laughed. "This is what you have to defeat me?" Tom asked.

Harry looked up and saw the shadow of the basilisk getting closer before it was about to strike. Harry flinched as he threw himself down on the ground and covered his head just as Fawkes flew over.

Fawkes let out a shrill before he swooped down and plunged his claws into one eye of the basilisk before he flew up and plunged down onto the other eye, blinding the snake from seeing or killing anyone with its stare. Harry let out a sigh of relief.

"Thanks Fawkes," he muttered as he stood up.

"NO!" Tom shouted before he pinned Harry with a glare. "Your bird may have blinded the basilisk but it can still hear you."

Harry took a few steps back only to stop, look at his feet then look back up at the basilisk, which looked straight at Harry.

“Oh hell,” Harry muttered and he started running to the nearest tunnel that was to the left of him. He started looking for a place to hide from the basilisk and to sort out a plan to get rid of it and Tom. Then he had to get Ginny out of here and back to the Hospital wing where he could look after Hermione till she woke up from her state that she was currently in.

Harry ran about in the tunnels. He didn't have any weapons on him except from his small amulet, and a small knife that wasn't big enough to kill the basilisk. Their skin was too dense to break through and there weren't a lot of spells that can kill one that he knew of.

“Shit. The next time I go into a situation like this, note to self, bring a bag of weapons,” he muttered to himself as he ducked into a small tunnel leading off to the side and pressed his back against the bars. He needed to get back out into the main area and figure out a plan.

The basilisk slithered its way through the tunnel only to stop outside the small branch that Harry was in. Harry looked around at his feet before he spotted a rock. He picked it up and threw it further down the tunnel, causing the basilisk to yank his head away from Harry and slither onward to where the rock had rolled.

Harry waited till the Basilisk was out of the way before he hurried out into the main area and felt Ginny's pulse. It was getting weaker.

“Yes, the weaker she gets, the stronger I get,” Tom told Harry and Harry growled.

“Sorry Tommy, but you're not coming back to life yet,” Harry informed him as he looked around when his eyes caught sight of the sorting hat where a sliver glimmer came from it's interior.

Curiously, Harry hurried over and reached into the hat. His hand rested on a cold metal handle. With a hard tug, he yanked it out and saw it was a sword. Relief ran through his body like a soothing balm. He now had a weapon.

He heard a hissing noise and turned to see that the Basilisk came out of the tunnel and was now sensing him. He racked his brain, frantically, trying to remember how to kill a snake.

"Note to self, ask Uncle Sirius to teach us all 'mythical' creatures and how to kill them because we are sure meeting them," Harry told himself.

Harry closed his eyes tightly as he thought back to all the training and lessons from his Godfather. He swiftly reviewed till his brain locked onto what Sirius had taught them about snakes.

*"Okay, what can you tell me about snakes?" Sirius asked, causing Mia and Harry to look at him from where they were sitting at the kitchen table, reading books and taking notes.*

*"They live in different parts of the world, depending on where they adapt to," Mia told him.*

*"Most snakes are harmless while others are poisonous," Harry added in.*

*"Yes, but how do you kill one?" Sirius asked, causing Harry and Mia to look at each other.*

*"You can chop a snake in half, but you need to be careful when it comes to poisonous snakes because they can still inject venom into you, long after they are dead," Mia told him and Sirius nodded.*

*"Yes, but like everything else in this world, they have a weakness. What it is?" Sirius asked, causing confused looks. "Okay – if you were faced a basilisk, how would you kill it? You can't chop it in half because their skin is impenetrable. You can't set it on fire for the same reason, so what do you do?" Sirius asked.*

*"You would already be dead," Mia pointed out. "Its stare kills, remember?"*

*"Yes, but say that something happened to make it blind? Remember, while it's blind it can still smell and hear you. So how would you kill it if you have nowhere to hide?" Sirius asked.*

*“You look for the weakest spot,” Harry told him and Sirius nodded.*

*“Yes, but how do you look for the weakest spot? You can’t just tell on first glance,” he warned them.*

*“Go for the most vulnerable yet the most dangerous spot,” Mia told them and Harry looked at her.*

*“But that’s the mouth. It’s stated that a basilisk can poison you and kill you in a matter of minutes,” Harry told them and Sirius nodded.*

*“You’re getting warm,” Sirius, told them and Mia flipped through her books toward the snake section. Harry leaned over her shoulder as they read a report.*

*“The weakest spot is...”*

“The base of the head,” Harry whispered to himself. He opened his eyes and looked around. He knew that there was no way he could kill the basilisk while still on the ground so that meant he needed to go up onto higher ground, but that meant...

Harry looked at the large statue face of a man and swore to himself before he ran over to the statue.

The snake whipped its head over to the sound and started rushing at him. Harry jumped up onto the ledge before he climbed up higher just as the basilisk slammed its nose into the ledge below him, smashing it.

Harry climbed up higher till he reached the head of the statue. He got the sword into position before he moved closer to the edge, causing the basilisk to straighten up till its face was lined with its victim. The huge snake coiled itself, ready to attack its victim.

Harry braced himself as the basilisk opened its mouth and lunged on down him, determined to kill its prey when Harry thrust the sword upward into the mouth, slamming it through the base of the skull with such force that the blade of the sword came out on the other side. Harry grimaced when he felt a searing pain in his arm before he yanked the sword out of the snake and saw that one of the basilisk’s

fangs had lodged itself in Harry's arm. The basilisk screeched, arched its back, and slumped down onto the ground, dead.

"NO!" Tom screamed.

Harry climbed his way back down to the ground and hurried over to Ginny. He felt her pulse and found it had gone weaker. "You are too late Potter. Soon I'll be back to my full strength" the young Voldemort sneered.

Harry just glared at Tom. He knew that Voldemort wasn't supposed to come back now, that the world wasn't ready yet, but he couldn't see a way out of it when Tom spoke again. "Amazing, isn't it? How can something be so simple yet so dangerous in the wrong hands of a still little girl," Tom informed him. Understanding lit up in Harry's eyes as he looked at Tom, amazed that the arrogant wizard just gave away a vital clue into destroying him.

"Screw. You," Harry told him before he grabbed the diary, flipped it open and slammed the fang into the middle the book. Dark green ink started pouring out, covering the fang and the pages. Tom let out a yell as a bright light shot out from his body. Harry plunged the fang onto each side of the pages before he closed the dripping book.

He looked up and saw that Tom was screaming in agony as he tried to reach Harry and stop him before anything else could happen to the journal, but he was too late. Harry slammed fang centre into the book and Tom let out a final scream before he exploded into bright lights.

Harry sat back, breathing heavily as he fought the desire to roll his eyes up into the back of his head and fall unconscious, when he saw Ginny stirring.

Ginny sat up, looking around with fear before her eyes landed on Harry and she burst into tears.

"Oh Harry, he made me!" Ginny cried. "I never wanted to do any of those things but he made me do it." Harry just nodded. He wanted to wait till he told Mia, Hermione and Draco to get their view on it and find out what's really going on.

"Yeah, I know. But it's over now. We have to get out of here," Harry told her, only to wince when he felt the pain searing even harder. Ginny's eyes latched onto the wound.

"Oh Harry, you're hurt," she told him. Fawkes let out a shrill before he landed down beside Harry and the boy smiled.

"Hey buddy, do you think you could heal me?" he asked. Fawkes let out an indigent shrill of insult before he moved in closer and let tears of healing powers slip out from his eyes and onto Harry's wound. "You remind me of Hedwig," Harry told the phoenix as the wound closed up and the poison disappeared from his body.

"He healed you," Ginny uttered, eyes wide and Harry nodded.

"It's one of the main powers of Fawkes," he told her before shaking his head. "Come on, we have to get out of here," Harry told her before he picked up the book. They made their way out of the chamber and toward the rocks. Harry was relieved to see that Ron had made a big enough hole for them both to get through.

"Ginny!" Ron shouted as they both slipped through the hole. He grabbed his little sister and hugged her as hard as he could while Harry tucked the diary into the waistband of his trousers before he looked around.

"We gotta get out of here," Harry told them and Ron nodded before he caught sight of the sword and arched an eyebrow.

"Mate, you do realise you have a sword, right?" Ron asked and Harry laughed.

"Long story," Harry, told him before he tucked the sorting hat into robes. "Ron, hold onto Ginny's hand and hold onto Lockhart's robes. Lockhart, you hold onto my hand and Fawks will lift us out of here," Harry ordered and Ron nodded.

"Who is this Lockhart?" Lockhart asked as he looked around and Harry rolled his eyes.

“That would be you,” Harry informed as Lockhart looked at him with wide eyes.

“Oh...rather strange name isn't it?” he asked and Harry bit back his snickers before he grabbed Lockhart's hand. Ron grabbed onto Lockhart's robes while holding onto Ginny.

Harry reached up and let Fawkes grab his cloaked covered arm and lifted them all up into the air, effortlessly, and flew back up the drainpipe that they call came down in the first place.

Soon, they arrived back in the girls' bathroom. Fawkes let them all down while the chamber of secret sealed itself back up behind them.

Moaning Myrtle just watched the scene with a disappointed look. She truly wished for Harry to die and haunt her bathroom with her, and it hadn't come true.

“Come on, we have to go and tell the teachers!” Harry told them all and he lead the way to the hospital wing where he knew that everyone would be waiting to hear what happened.

TBC



## Chapter 15: The End of Term.

Harry burst into the Hospital wing, startling Mia and Madam Pomfrey. Draco had gone down back down to the Slytherin common room because Snape was throwing a fit that one of his students had gone missing during the attacks.

“Harry!” Mia shouted as she hurried over to him and enveloped him in a hard hug, glad to see that her brother was still alive. “It was Voldemort,” she whispered and Harry nodded as he hugged her back.

“I know. But I’m here and he’s gone, again,” he promised and she nodded before she pulled away from him.

“What is going on here?” Madam Pomfrey demanded.

“Ginny here opened the chamber. It seems that she was under possession of this book,” Harry lifted the book up for her to see. “She was also held in the chamber of secret but I managed to get her out.”

“My hero,” Ginny whispered and Harry stiffened slightly at the thought before he made his way over to Hermione and took her hand once more.

“Is she any better?” Harry asked with a hopeful tone and Madam Pomfrey sighed.

“Professor Sprout is nearly finished with the mandrakes. She should be awake this afternoon,” Madam Pomfrey told him as Harry sat down on the edge of her bed.

“It’s over Hermione. It’ll never hurt you again,” he whispered.

Ginny watched the scene with a hurting heart. Her hero didn’t even see her, even when she was his damsel in distress. All he cared about was that girl.

“Ginny!” a female voice cried out and everyone spun around to see Molly Weasley embrace Ginny in a tight hug. McGonagall was staring at Harry like he had grown two heads while Dumbledore had returned back to the castle and was examining everyone.

“Potter,” McGonagall croaked out. “How on earth...” she trailed off. Harry winced before he told everybody what had happen down in the chambers, the voice that he had been hearing, the answers that came from Hermione and how everything connected together back to Moaning Myrtle and her death.

“Unbelievable, all those years and we never thought to ask her,” Madam Pomfrey muttered and McGonagall nodded in agreement. They couldn’t believe that they had forgotten to ask Myrtle how she had died - maybe it could have prevented the incidents that had happened over the year.

“But what does this have to do with Ginny?” Arthur demanded.

“The diary. The diary belongs to Tom Marvlo Riddle, also known as Voldemort. By writing in the diary, he got stronger and started pouring some of his soul into Ginny, thus possessing her to write the messages on the wall, and for the snake to attack the muggleborns,” Harry explained. He felt Mia’s grip tighten on his arm when understanding dawned on her.

“Ginny Weasley!” Molly gasped. “Haven’t your father and I told you not to speak with anything if you couldn’t see its brain?” she demanded and Ginny wailed.

“I thought it was something someone had forgotten and when I started writing in it, it was like I had a friend,” she sobbed. Molly just hugged her daughter close to her.

“What’s up with Professor Lockhart?” Mia asked as she watched the teacher, who was looking around the room with wide eyes. Ron and Harry looked at each other.

“Mia, you won the bet,” Harry told her and Mia looked at him.

“What?” she demanded.

“Lockhart admitted to us that he stole the heroics actions from other people before placing them under a memory charm. He tried to do the same thing to us with Ron’s wand but it backfired – he doesn’t have a clue who he is,” Harry explained. Ron let out a snicker only to

bit his tongue when Molly glared at him, obviously upset that the man she had idolised had been a fake the whole time.

“Oh my,” Madam Pomfrey said and Ron looked at her.

“Will you be able to get his memories back?” Ron asked and Madam Pomfrey shook her head.

“I’m sorry, but memory charms are not something you can just reverse. I’m afraid he’ll need to go to St. Mungo and be placed under observation where the healers can encourage him to remember,” she explained. Ron shot Harry and Mia a relieved look.

“Okay, Harry and Ron, will you come to my office with me? Miss Weasley will stay here where Madam Pomfrey can oversee her well being,” Dumbledore told them and the boys followed him out. Mia stayed back and held Hermione’s hand, thanking god that it was all over.

Harry and Ron found themselves in the Headmaster’s office. Ron looked around the place, considering it was his first time there, before he looked at the headmaster.

“I’m impressed with your actions today boys. You have shown more courage than any adults I have seen,” Dumbledore told them with a twinkle over his glasses. “I must say...200 points – each – would be correct in this reward.”

Ron just gaped at him. He had never received this many points since last year and this time it was even bigger.

“Thank you sir, we appreciate it,” Harry told him and Dumbledore beamed.

“However, I am most worried about our groundskeeper. Mr. Weasley, do you think you could find a good owl to send away this letter?” Dumbledore asked as he picked up a rolled parchment. “We must have our groundskeeper back before the end of term.” Ron nodded as he took the parchment and hurried out of the headmaster office and up to the tower to do the errand.

Dumbledore turned back to Harry. "I am amazed at how well you faired in the battle against the basilisk. Not many men would survive to tell the tale!" Dumbledore told him.

"Fawkes helped me out," Harry told him as he stroked the magical bird's feathers as it sat on the arm of the chair Harry was standing next to. "I'm just glad he came because I was loyal to the school." Dumbledore arched an eyebrow in puzzlement.

"No, he came to you because you proved that you were loyal to me," Dumbledore explained and Harry snorted.

"Actually, he came to me because I called him. Basilisk have a natural enemy – the roosters, because their cries can kill, and Phoenixes because they cannot be killed," Harry told him. Dumbledore looked at him, wide eyed behind his glasses.

"Oh," Dumbledore replied and Harry smirked.

"And I want you to know that Uncle Sirius isn't training me to be the next dark lord, because I pulled out the Gryffindor sword," Harry informed him. Dumbledore just stared at him when the door opened and they turned to see that Lucius Malfoy was making his way into the Headmaster's office.

Harry saw a familiar house elf - the same house elf that came to his house over the summer. It was the elf who blocked the barrier; the one sent the rogue bludger at him.

"So, this is who your master is," Harry exclaimed, as understanding dawned on him. Dobby cowed as Malfoy looked down at his house-elf before he sneered.

"I'll deal with you later," he promised before he moved over to the table. "Headmaster, I'm glad to see you back. I understand that the culprit has been caught?"

"Yes, they have," Dumbledore, told him.

"And who was it?" Malfoy asked, curious. Dumbledore smiled slightly.

"The same person as always. Tom Riddle. Except this time he used a means through this diary," he told Malfoy who stared at the book with an unreadable expression. "Thank Merlin for Harry - he stopped Riddle from regaining full strength."

Malfoy turned to face Harry with a sneer.

"Yes, thank Merlin. It seems that Mr Potter is always around to save the day," Malfoy stated. Harry smirked as he just glared back at Malfoy. "Let us hope Mr. Potter is *a*lways around to save the day," he concluded with a thinly veiled threat.

"Count on it," Harry shot back, causing Dumbledore to stifle a smile while Malfoy turned away.

"I'm glad to see that everyone made it out alive and unharmed," he told Dumbledore with false sincerity. Harry looked at Dobby and noticed the elf was nudging his head at the diary before gesturing it toward Malfoy.

Harry's eyes widen as he got what Dobby was trying to tell him. He winked at Dobby, who gave a small-relieved smile before he jerked back to attention.

"Dobby, we're leaving!" Malfoy shouted. Dobby ran ahead of him only for Malfoy to whack him with his cane, sending him flying across the floor.

Harry watched the scene with a hard look before he turned back to Dumbledore.

"Is it okay if I borrow the book?" he asked and Dumbledore looked at him, surprised, before he nodded his permission. Harry grabbed the book and hurried out of the entrance.

The elder Malfoy was making his way over to the stairs of Hogwarts when the entrance opened once more and Harry came running out.

"Mr Malfoy," Harry shouted. Lucius stopped in his tracks and looked back at the boy, who thrust the book into his hands. "I believe this belongs to you," Harry told him and Malfoy stared icily.

"I don't understand what you are talking about," Malfoy informed him with a sneer and Harry snorted.

"I think you do. You slipped that book into Ginny Weasley's cauldron that day in Diagon Alley, thus causing the Chamber of Secrets to be reopened," Harry told him as he moved in closer. "Let me tell you one thing. When Voldie comes back to life, and we both know he will, he will go straight back into the ground – this time, straight to hell. Pass that message to him when you do meet him."

"You little fool," Malfoy hissed as he threw the book at Dobby, who caught it. "You are no match for the Dark Lord." Harry arched an eyebrow.

"Oh, I'm very sorry. I was one year old when I banished his ass," Harry reminded.

"Dobby, come!" Malfoy snapped, obviously having heard enough from the Boy-Who-Lived. Harry looked at Dobby.

"Open it," he whispered to the abused house elf. Dobby opened the diary only to stop when he saw a black sock in the middle of the book.

"Dobby!" Malfoy shouted impatiently.

"Master gave Dobby a sock," Dobby told him in awe. "Dobby is free!"

"What?" Malfoy demanded as he turned around only to see Dobby holding the diary with a sock in it. Malfoy looked at Harry, who just smirked before he pulled up his trouser and Malfoy saw that he didn't have a sock on.

"You lost me my servant!" Malfoy screamed in rage as he drew his wand from his cane and pointed it at Harry. He was about to cast a spell when Dobby jumped in front of the boy protectively.

"You will not harm Harry Potter!" Dobby shouted as blast came from his hand, sending Malfoy flying backward. The wizard scrambled to get up, fighting his cloak, and managed to shakily stand on his feet. He growled at Harry, anger flaring in his cold blue eyes.

"Your parents were meddlesome fools and look where it got them. Mark my words Potter; you will meet the same sticky ending." With that, he walked away from the two of them. Harry looked down at Dobby with a smile.

"You freed Dobby," the elf breathed reverently.

"Actually, I was wondering, how do you feel about being bonded to me?" He asked and Dobby hugged Harry's leg.

"Dobby would love that, Master Harry Potter," he told him and Harry smiled.

"One thing," Harry told him and Dobby looked at him. "Don't try and save my life again." Dobby gave him a sheepish smile before he grasped Harry's hand.

Harry felt the air shimmer around him before he looked down at Dobby.

"Now, Dobby is bonded to Master Harry Potter," he told Harry and the boy laughed.

"Go home, I'll see you over the summer," Harry told him and Dobby snapped his fingers before he disappeared from sight. Harry shook his head - he had a feeling that Draco was going to be hopping mad when he found out that he stole one of the Malfoy house elves.

Harry made his way into the Great Hall. He smiled when he saw Ron and Mia and was about to make his way over to them when a bunch of people stopped him. He saw that it was the Hufflepuff that Ernie had been talking to that day in the library.

"What?" Harry asked. He saw that Mia and Ron were about to stand up to help him, but he shook his head, indicating that he would deal it himself.

"We just wanted to apologise," Ernie started and Harry held up his hands.

“Whoa, just you wait there! Are you telling me you think if you apologise for thinking I was the Slytherin heir, I’ll simply accept it and forgive you?” he demanded before shaking his head. “I don’t know where you get off but there is no way I’m going to forget this. You are only apologising because Hermione got attacked and you know that I would never do anything to harm her.”

“But we really are sorry,” Ernie told him. Harry sighed as he rubbed his forehead.

“And I get that. But I will not forget. I don’t have time to deal with people’s thick head because they want to believe every bad thing about me. Pick a side - you either accept that I’m a good guy and trying to do my best, or think I’m a bad guy who is going stark raving mad. Either way, you have to pick a side and stick to it.” Harry informed them before he brushed past and moved over to the Gryffindor table. He was about to sit down when he heard his name being called out.

Hermione had made her way down the stairs to go to the Great Hall. She smiled when she saw Headless Nick floating past everyone.

“Hey Nick,” she greeted and Nick smiled down at the young girl.

“Hello Miss Granger. It’s nice to see you up and about again,” he told her as she laughed.

“Same to you,” she told him before he tipped his head and floated off. Hermione watched as Harry faced off a group of Hufflepuffs. She could see that he was furious and it looked like he was giving them information that they didn’t seem to be happy about.

Once Harry was finished, he brushed past them all and was about to sit down when Hermione couldn’t hold it in anymore. She heard from Madam Pomfrey that Harry had been very worried about her throughout her whole state.

“Harry!” a female voice called out. Harry spun around to see Hermione running toward him and he opened his arms to her. They hugged as hard as they could.



He pulled away and kept Hermione at arms length. "I can't believe you are awake!" he exclaimed and she laughed, her brown eyes sparkling. Harry felt himself get warm all over – it was so good to hear her laugh again.

"I'm just so happy you solved it!" she told him and Harry shook his head.

"No, it's thanks to the piece of paper in your hand that we managed to complete everything and save the school," he told her. She blushed slightly before she hugged him again.

Hermione pulled away and hugged Mia, who just held her close. "So glad you're okay," Mia told her and Hermione laughed.

"Meaning you just want someone to help you gang up on Harry again, right?" Hermione teased and Mia grinned.

"And that too," Mia teased back.

"Oh come on! She just wakes up and you're already plotting on how to annoy me," Harry complained, causing Ron to laugh. Both girls sat down as Dumbledore stood up while McGonagall tapped her goblet, signalling everyone to silence.

"Here we are. We have come to the end of another year. And again, Gryffindor has won again once more!" he informed them and Gryffindor cheered. "I have another piece of news to give you. Exams have been cancelled," Dumbledore informed them and everyone but Hermione cheered, who slumped down in her chair.

"Oh no!" she whispered, her eyes wide with shock. Mia shook her head as she smiled, amused at her best friend.

The Great Hall doors slammed open and everyone turned to see Hagrid standing in the doorway. The groundskeeper walked in.

"Sorry I'm late everybody. My release papers got lost. Some ruddy bird called Errol," Hagrid told them. Harry, Hermione and Mia just looked at Ron, amused, while Ron just looked sheepish.

Hagrid walked over to where Harry was and stopped before him. Harry stood up. "I just wanted to thank you for finally clearing my name. If you hadn't, I'd still be you know where."

Harry just smiled. "You're my friend Hagrid. We knew it wasn't you and we wanted to bring the real person to justice," Harry told him and Hagrid beamed with appreciation.

"Thank you," Hagrid repeated and Harry shook his head.

"No problem," Harry told him and hugged the giant. Hagrid clapped Harry's back, softly, before they pulled away and he made his way up to the head table. Harry sat back down.

Soon dinner was over. Mia had disappeared halfway through, claiming that she was stuffed. None of them had a clue where she had gone to but they weren't too worried about it because they knew that she could take care of herself.

Everyone was about to leave for their common rooms when Harry noticed that the Great Hall doors to the outside were open. He moved over to them and saw a large fire in the middle of the field next to the lake, and a figure dancing around it.

"Is that...Mia?" Hermione asked, curious.

"I think so," Harry told her and they hurried down to the fire, unaware that everyone else was following them.

"Burn! Burn!" Mia shouted in delight as she danced around the bonfire. Everyone watched as she picked up a book and threw it into the fire.

"MIA!" Hermione squealed, startling Mia.

"What?" she asked and saw everyone standing there.

"Why on earth are you burning books?" Madam Pince demanded and understanding dawned on Mia's face.

"Oh, don't worry. Those are only Lockhart's books. There is no way I'm keeping those fake books now he's been revealed as an idiotic fraud," Mia informed her before picking up Gadding With Ghouls. "Trapped a ghou with a tea strainer, whatever!" She tossed it into the fire and threw her hands up in the air. "Burn!"

"I'm with her!" Harry shouted as he made a dash up to the castle. He came back a few minutes later with his own books and set them to the side with Mia's and threw a text into the fire, feeling the relief and joy over destroying one of Lockhart's lies. "Whoo Hoo!" Harry shouted, causing everyone to make a dash for the castles for their own to join in the fun.

"I can't believe I'm going to say this but, I feel better now I've destroyed them," Hermione told Harry, who laughed and pulled her into a hug.

"We've cured you of Lockhart," Harry told her and she rolled her eyes.

"I've been cured of Lockhart since valentine when I sent him the card," she informed him. Harry looked at her.

"What?" he asked and Hermione sighed.

"I think we need to have a sit down and talk," she told him. Harry nodded in agreement, wondering what was going to be revealed.

Everyone made their way back to their common room so that they could pack up. Tomorrow they were going home for the summer.

Mia was too busy celebrating. She couldn't wait to get home and back to her normal bedroom, one that she didn't share with anyone. "Home time!" Mia sang. "Back to my own bed and bedroom!"

"Back to training," Harry sang back and Mia smiled at him.

"At least Dad can teach us," she shot back and Harry laughed.

"What are the pair of you like?" Ron asked while Hermione rolled her eyes.

“They do this all the time. They love teasing each other,” Hermione explained before she turned to the others. “We better start packing so we’re not running about the next morning. Some of you have books to return to the library,” she added in with a pointy look at Ron, who blushed slightly and nodded.

“Fine,” he muttered and Harry smiled.

“Cheer up, I’ll come with you. I gotta give some books back too,” Harry told him and Ron grinned gratefully.

“While you two are off to the library, Mione and I are going to have a girl’s chat,” Mia told them before linking her arm through Hermione’s. They both headed up the stairs, giggling while the boys just stared at each other before rolling their eyes as they both picked up their books and headed out of the common room.

Hermione and Mia found themselves sitting across from each other, cross-legged on Hermione’s bed.

“What was it like, you know, being petrified?” Mia asked, curious. Hermione’s eyes took on a far away look.

“Horrible,” Hermione admitted before she looked at Mia. “I could hear everything but I was unable to respond. I never want to feel like that again.” Mia nodded sympathetically.

“When I heard that you had been attacked, the first thing that came to my mind was that I had lost my best friend,” Mia admitted. Hermione felt tears well up in her eyes. “I know we’ve only known each other for two years but you’re like a sister to me.”

“I feel the same way. You’re like a sister to me, too. I feel I can come to you about anything and you wouldn’t judge me,” Hermione told her. Mia felt her own eyes mist over before they leaned in and hugged each other.

“Let’s promise, no matter what, we’ll always be best friends,” Mia whispered. Hermione agreed as she pulled away and they both wiped tears away from their eyes.

“Always best friends,” Hermione agreed and Mia laughed.

“God, the boys are going to think we’re crazy if they see that we’ve been crying,” she told Hermione, who laughed as well.

“Tell me about it,” the bushy-haired girl laughed before her smile dimmed. “What am I going to do about Harry?” Mia’s smile softens.

“Just talk to him. He’ll understand your reasoning to why you were attracted to that big lunkhead,” Mia told her.

“What if it’s too late?” Hermione sighed. “He seems interested in Ginny.” Mia held up her hands while arching an eyebrow. She knew that Hermione was feeling insecure about her place in the group and about her feelings for Harry. She knew that it seemed like Harry was attracted to Ginny but also remembered that the young witch had been out of the picture for most of the term.

“Whoa! Before you go any further I want you to know that I’m not letting my brother end up with someone like her! There’s something about her that puts me off. I don’t know if it’s because I’m just protective of you all or if there is something going on,” Mia told her. “God Hermione, if you could see the way you and Harry act around each other and the way you look at each other, you could see how perfect you are for each other. I mean, when you were...” she faltered, closed her eyes before she took a deep breath and opened them again. “Petrified, he was terrified. He swore that the person who attacked you made their fatal mistake – they picked on you. He wouldn’t have lost it if it were Draco, or I. Not the way he lost it with you. He fought a big basilisk for you!”

“He’s been worried about Ginny,” Hermione whispered and Mia took one of Hermione’s hands in hers.

“And he was terrified for you. Do you think he would have dragged us into the forbidden forest to face a whole pack of huge spiders for Ginny? Do you think he would have kept on searching for the attacker if it were Ginny? I mean, Colin and Justin were attacked long before you were attacked and he wasn’t bothered that much, but he went on a frenzy spree just to find out who attacked you and why,” Mia explained.

Hermione gave her a soft smile. "Really?" she whispered and Mia sighed.

"We're not going to get into an argument over your insecurity about your place in the group again, are we?" Mia asked. Hermione laughed remembering the talk they had at the end of their first year.

"No," Hermione told her and Mia nodded.

"Good. Besides, I have a feeling if you just talk with Harry, he'll be able to make you understand what's going on with you two," Mia told her.

"Thanks Mia, for being the best friend a girl could have," Hermione told her and Mia grinned back.

"Ditto to you," Mia told her before they embraced each other in another hug. "Now, lets get down the stairs so I can return the rest of my books to the library. Madam Pince is about to come after me with another one of her books and attack me!" Mia exclaimed, causing Hermione to burst into laughter at the image.

"Yeah, you better do that," Hermione told her as they both got off the bed and headed down the stairs. They passed Ron who was heading up, complaining that it was too late to be working.

Hermione spotted Harry and moved over to him as Mia picked up her bag that had her books in it. She was about to make her way out of the common room when she stopped.

"Oh, by the way girls," she called out and the Gryffindor girls stopped and looked back at her. Mia smirked. "I win the bet." With that, she walked off, humming a jaunty tune under her breath as the girls just stared after her as realisation dawned on them.

Harry laughed. "Oh man, I can't wait to see what the bet will be," he told them.

Everyone, apart from Harry and Hermione, made their way up to their beds to go to sleep so that they could get up early for the next

morning. Harry and Hermione just settled themselves on the couch, facing each other.

"The reason I fancied Lockhart was..." she trailed off, unable to believe that they were going to get into this conversation this young. "Was because I'm scared about our attraction."

"Hermione..." Harry was cut off by a shake from Hermione's head.

"No, Harry, I need to get this out without any interrupting," she explained and Harry closed his mouth and waited. "We've both liked each other since last year Harry. But we're only twelve and while our attraction will probably grow as we get older, it's scary. Lockhart was a safe route to be honest. It was something that was easy. I didn't have to worry about Lockhart liking me back because it was all flattery for him but I knew if I had made it clear like that toward you, we probably would have started something that was not a good idea." Harry nodded, as he understood what she meant. "Being horrible basically toward you about Ginny was my way of protecting myself. I didn't like how Ginny could be obvious in her crush about you and I was scared that you would find her more attractive. See the thing is, we're both young and while we are attracted to each other we could end up finding ourselves attracted to other people, it just scares me about our feelings."

"Hermione, yes, I have to admit that I like Ginny," Hermione looked down slightly but Harry reached out and cupped her chin, lifting her face up so they could look at each other in the eyes. "But I really like you more than I like her. I was attracted to her because you were attracted to Lockhart – my head told me that if you could be attracted to someone else then so can I but I'm wary of Ginny, especially with all the attacks that happened."

Hermione nodded as she understood Harry but she knew she had to get the rest out before they went through any more misunderstanding.

"I'm just scared that when we get older, we'll realise that our attraction was base merely on a crush, that you'll find that Ginny will be better than me," she admitted. Harry laughed softly, causing Hermione to look at him, curiously.

“What? You don’t think I feel the same way?” Harry asked. “That I think that one day someone would come along and take you away? That you’ll think they’re better than me?” Hermione gave a sheepish shy smile.

“We idiots, aren’t we?” Hermione asked and Harry shrugged.

“You are right though, about us being young. Maybe it is a crush. Maybe we’ll find ourselves in a different spot a few years later from now but I’m not worried. As long as I still have you as my best friend, then I’ll take what you can give me,” Harry told her as he reached out and took one of her hands in his. “We’re a part of each other with us being the elements – you’re the one who can cool us down when we start to lose control of our tempers. As long as we’re best friends, then I think we have nothing to worry about.”

Hermione smiled before she shifted in her seat, moved in closer to Harry. She rested her head on his shoulder as he wrapped an arm around her’s.

“You’re my best male friend, Mia takes the female role,” Hermione told him. Harry laughed as he kissed her forehead and both of them just relaxed, enjoying the feel of their connection growing.

What they didn’t realise was they had just set an action in motion that would change their lives when they got older.

Everybody made their way to the train station in the next morning, all ready to head home.

“Well, that’s another great end to another year,” Ron told them as they handed their trunks to the prefects, who took them and placed them on the train.

“Oh yeah, a fantastic end,” Hermione muttered out, sarcastically. It still stung over the fact that they couldn’t do their exams. Mia rolled her eyes in amusement.

“The way she was acting, you think someone killed her pet!” Ron exclaimed only for frantic squeaking to start up from his shirt pocket.



He looked down and saw his pet rat peeking out. "Don't worry Scabbers, I wasn't talking about you," Ron soothed.

"Hey, how come we've never seen that rat?" Harry asked and Ron shrugged.

"He keeps hiding from me," Ron explained. "He doesn't do too well surrounded by people – the twins keep trying to use him as a test rat for their experiments."

"No wonder he keeps hiding," Mia told him. Hermione frowned.

"Maybe I should get a pet this summer," she murmured, mostly to herself.

"I'll get you a pet for you this summer as an early birthday present – I keep trying to think what to get you for your birthday," Harry told her.

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Really?" she asked and Harry nodded.

"Sure – we'll check out the pet store when we head to Diagon Alley at the end of the summer," Harry told her. Hermione smiled as she gave him a hard hug.

"Thank you!" she told him before the whistle went, signalling that it was time to get on the train.

They entered the Express and made their way through the train till they found an empty compartment and got themselves settled in, just relaxing after a long and hard year. When the journey was done and they arrived at the train station, everyone hurried off to get off the train. They grabbed their trunks and Ron caught sight of his parents.

"I'll catch you all later?" Ron asked them and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, we will," Harry, told him as he hurried off over to his parents. Harry watched Mrs. Weasley swoop Ron up into her arms and hug him tightly. Harry shook his head as he turned back to the front. He was right about Mrs. Weasley - she was the overbearing mothering type.

Harry, Hermione and Mia made their way over to the wall and passed through it so they could get onto the platform to meet their parents. "Sirius picking you up?" Hermione asked as they walked out of the wall and Mia nodded.

"Yeah, the ministry is busy covering up the whole diary incident and Dumbledore is too busy making sure that the school will be safe for next year so they don't have time to go chasing after a mass murderer. Especially considering the fact that he wasn't here last year," Mia explained. They made their way out of the station and over to the car park.

Draco made his way over to them. Hermione arched an eyebrow before she rolled her eyes. Draco was determined to mess around with everyone's head from now on and Mia wasn't having any problems with that before she turned back to face Harry. Mia and Draco decided that they wanted to have fun with people from now on by messing around with their heads.

They knew that Draco's father would be interested in the fact that there would be rumours that his son was hanging around with Harry Potter. That would help Draco in finding out more things about what the Death Eaters were planning – plus, it had a place in Mia's plan that she schemed before coming to Hogwarts.

"What about the tracking charms and all that?" Hermione asked.

"We checked ourselves. They must have learned their lesson after last year," Harry told her and she nodded.

"Kids!" a male voice shouted and they turned to see Sirius disguised as Mac moving over to them. They waved back at him as he moved closer. "You four are going to give me grey hair before I hit forty," Sirius muttered as he looked at the kids. They gave him a sheepish grin in reply.

"Hermione!" a male voice called out and they turned to see Hermione's parents waiting for them.

"I gotta go," Hermione told them.

“You coming up this summer?” Draco asked and Hermione smirked.

“Like I’m gonna miss a summer with you guys,” Hermione shot at him.

She hugged Mia before she hugged Harry and gave him a kiss on the cheek before waving and pushed her trolley over to where her parents were.

“Okay kids, let’s go,” Sirius told them as he led his smirking kids over to the car. It was time to go home and relax after another year of saving the wizarding world without them knowing it.

“You have to admit, it was a fun year,” Mia stated. Draco cracked up laughing while Harry looked at Mia with disbelief.

“And pray tell, just what was funny? Me hearing voices? Me speaking Parseltongue? Hermione turning herself into a cat? Getting petrified? Having an idiot of a teacher who managed to debone my arm and oblivate himself or having a huge basilisk hiding in the chamber under the girl’s toilet?” Harry asked.

“Teacher, definitely,” Draco choked out before he cracked up laughing. “Man, Amendo,” he stated with a shake of his head and Mia smirked.

“Gotta agree with Draco,” Mia stated. Harry rolled his eyes as he turned to face the window and Sirius smiled to himself.

He had missed their bantering again.

The End/ TBC

Here we are, the end of the second book (Thank God) and we can now move on to the third book, which will, also, be out next Monday.

I want to thank my beta for doing her hard work on my story and that I’m sorry to see her leave but I understand her reasons and I’m glad to say that my new beta will be helping me out on my next books and so on.

While there are bashing of Ginny – it's not an outright bashing – there are many mysteries of Ginny and I plan to reveal each one in a way of how I think it all happened – I truly believe that Ginny is a misguided young woman who seeks out many ways to get what she thinks is truly hers due to a lot of problems in her family life.

This Book is finally over and you have no idea how good it feels to put a big C for completed over it.

See you all over in the next book and thanks for all the reviews!

Thought you all would like to know is that my Year 3 of Darkness Series is now up.

Just go to my profile and click on link.

Hope to see you all there.